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"MY SON SURVIVED honorable service throughout the World War against Germany, only to be officially murdered in a disgraceful war against this little nation," says John S. Hemphill, of Ferguson, Missouri. His son was one of the American boys killed in the Nicaraguan jungle. Another father, Harold Leavey, Jr., remarked when his son set sail from Brooklyn for Corinto:

> The boys are being sent to fight for the Wall Street brokers, not Uncle Sam. I'm only a poor milkman, and I need my boy more than they do.

These fathers encourage us. We are tired of sniveling parents who—in public, at least—are proud to "give" their children to their country. These men strike a warmer, human note, and they give us hope that a current of warm, human sympathy for the Nicaraguan patriots as well as for the sons of Missouri and New York will sweep across these United States.

WHAT MR. KELLOGG AND M. BRIAND are doing about a peace treaty one can only guess. The day of open covenants openly arrived at has not yet come. Months ago M. Briand offered to outlaw war between the two nations. Washington seemed, for a time, unresponsive. But after all, election is coming, so Mr. Kellogg started negotiating. Mr. Borah was indiscreet enough to suggest publicly that it would be nice to agree upon peace with everyone, and accordingly the phrase "multilateral treaty" has crept into the newspaper dispatches. But what are we to be multilateral about? The first dispatches from Washington indicated that we were making another of those familiar long strides toward peace, but the indiscreet French Foreign Office let it leak out that Mr. Kellogg's proposals were a long stride backward from the old Bryan treaty, which provided for methods of conciliation in all disputes. The new proposal seems to exclude the Monroe Doctrine, problems affecting domestic policies, and those touching third parties—and if this be true, it is difficult to understand what is left. Mr. Kellogg has published one amiable letter to M. Briand, but the texts of the proposed arbitration treaty and of the declaration "renouncing" war have not been made public. We should like to see them.

"MILITARIZING OUR YOUTH," a pamphlet just published by the National Committee on Militarism in Education (Bible House, Astor Place, New York City), reveals in detail the War Department's endeavor to goose-step the minds of the college and high-school students. The pamphlet lists 86 colleges and 20 high schools as still having compulsory R. O. T. C., despite the fact that compulsory training is not required under the National Defense Act or any other federal legislation. Land-grant colleges, notwithstanding propaganda to the contrary, are under no obligation to the government to maintain military training on a compulsory basis. The pamphlet gives an illuminating summary of the deliberate War Department campaign to popularize militarism. It is enough to quote the warning from John Dewey's introduction:

> The militaristic movement is well organized, is energetically active, unrelentingly aggressive. It has a definite program and is taking steps for its execution. The nature of the program and the steps in its execution are set forth on the authority of official documents in the pages of this pamphlet.

Single copies of the pamphlet cost ten cents. In bulk they are cheaper; and a small sum will go a long way to help the committee distribute 100,000 copies.

CHARLES SHAMBAUGH, GARAGE-KEEPER of Lafayette, Indiana, goes down on our 1928 list of Americans we like. In the end he may do more to make the nation laugh at the pompous flubdubs we call admirals than a dozen congressional investigations. Mr. Shambaugh, bored with selling cars, read about Admiral Brumby's efforts to raise the S-4, and—out of "pure, idle curiosity," as he put it afterward—wired the admiral that he was interested and wanted a conference. The good admiral, who was so busy that he could not stop to tell newspapermen whether the S-4 prisoners were still alive, wired back a long reply "so downright warm and friendly" that Shambaugh drove to Indianapolis and took the next train for Boston. He had never seen a submarine or a diver or

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been on anything but a river boat, but the commandant of the Charlestown Navy Yard put him on the naval tug Mojave and sent him to Provincetown. There he dined with Admiral Brumby, spent the night in officers quarters on the mine sweeper Bushnell, inspected—and approved—the diving operations, and returned to Boston aboard a destroyer.

LATER THAT EVENING Boston newspapers were notified that "a civilian expert on salvage operations who has spent all day watching the work of raising the S-4" was returning, and would deign to talk to reporters. A flock of newspapermen rushed to the Navy Yard. Enter Garage-keeper Shambaugh, escorted by a captain of marines and an orderly. A group of gold-braided officers followed to hear the news. "The navy is doing everything possible," he announced. "I've been watching them all day. Say, do you realize those divers have to go a hundred feet down? Gosh, I think I'd be pretty good if I just got down on my feet, with all those weights and heavy shoes, to say nothing of getting up." Then the reporters started in. Within five minutes they had learned what Admiral Brumby had not suspected in a day—that Charles Shambaugh had been on a boat just once before in his life and knew nothing whatever about submarines, diving, or salvage. "When I saw his two suitcases filled almost to the bursting point I thought they contained data" on salvage, Rear Admiral Philip Andrews, commandant of the navy yard, told reporters afterward. That, and Admiral Brumby's welcome, seem about typical. What a navy!

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY, as we have already pointed out, has gained in prestige and effectiveness by Mr. Morrow's friendly and astute gesture in obtaining the help of Charles A. Lindbergh and Will Rogers in Mexico. Now Jacob Gould Schurman, our Ambassador to Germany, has won friendship for us there by starting a subscription among Americans for a building fund for Heidelberg University. Mr. Schurman, who once studied at Heidelberg, has already raised about half of the $400,000 which it is estimated the university requires. As far back as 1912 the Baden Ministry of Education asked for money for repairs and replacements, but the World War cut the hope short and since then the poverty of the country has led the Diet to postpone requested appropriations. As a preventive of war Mr. Schurman's modest building fund is worth a hundred times Mr. Coolidge's billion-dollar naval construction program.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES openly backing the stock-market gamblers? A few years ago that would have been unthinkable, but on Friday, January 6, the statement was issued from the White House that

> Although loans to brokers and dealers held by New York Federal Reserve member banks have reached the unprecedented height of $3,810,023,000 President Coolidge does not see any reason for unfavorable comment. . . . The President, it was said at the White House today, believes that the increase represents a natural expansion of business in the securities market and sees nothing unfavorable in it.

What was the result? On January 8, the New York *Times* reported, "stocks were turned over in huge volume on the New York Stock Exchange yesterday, largely as a result of enthusiasm aroused by President Coolidge's statement. . . . The market was the second heaviest for a Saturday in the history of the Exchange." No wonder the New York *Times* headed the story Coolidge's Optimism Gives Stocks a Lift. We had thought that the President had touched the bottom in his licking the boots of Big Business, but this open alliance with the stock-market speculators marks a new degradation of the Presidency. It should be a scandal to the country.

LOCKING THE STABLE DOOR too late is a winter sport in Massachusetts. When Governor Fuller returned from his European vacation he was confronted with the recommendation of the Massachusetts Judicial Council that the Supreme Court be given the power to review in entirety a case submitted from a lower court. Now in his annual message the Governor makes the same recommendation to the legislature. Since it was not done before, it is proper that Governor Fuller should take this opportunity to suggest a much-needed change in the judicial procedure of his State. But he need hardly have been so churlish. This plan, he says,

> will make certain that the Governor will not be compelled to encounter the difficulties which were forced upon him in the year 1927 by the zealous defenders of persons convicted of first-degree murder.

Tut, tut! So the Governor was annoyed in the year 1927 by "zealous defenders of persons convicted of first-degree murder"! What a shame to bother the chief executive of a great Commonwealth with such an insignificant matter as the guilt or innocence of two ignorant Italian anarchists, who died unconvinced of the justice of government. Why should the fate of such humble men annoy the Governor of Massachusetts? Sacco and Vanzetti are cold in their graves. Forget them, Governor Fuller—if you, who sent them to their death, ever can.

FOR THE FOURTH TIME Senator Norris's "lame-duck" resolution has passed the Senate, this time by a vote of 55 to 6. And the House is expected presently to defeat it, also for the fourth time. The resolution proposes to advance the date of taking office for executive officers in the government and for Congressmen from the March 4 following their election to January 2 and 15 respectively. As everybody knows, March 4 was originally chosen because in the days of our country's infancy it took so long to travel to Washington. Now, not even the gentleman from Oregon or from New Mexico needs months to make the journey. Senator Norris's resolution, shortening the gap between the taking of office by an elected, and responsible, government and the holding of office by a defeated, and therefore irresponsible, one, is eminently sensible. But the House enjoys the little junket provided by those irresponsible two months. Senators, elected for six years, have plenty of time. The two-year member of the House sees things differently. Congress now sits a "long" term and a "short" one. During the short term, from the December after election until the following March 4, it is possible for a Republican House to tie things up so tight that a Democratic House, for example, although already duly elected, can hardly straighten them out in the long term succeeding. Thus the business of government hesitates and bungles and at the same time extra-curricular activities flourish. Everybody is satisfied—except the voters.

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THESE ARE GREAT DAYS for automobile buyers, with Chevrolet, Overland, and Star rivaling Henry Ford's low rates, and all the makers slashing prices. What effect it will have on American business in general remains to be seen. Can the United States be made a two-car country? Is there a saturation-point in automobiles? Can the industry continue its amazing expansion, or must it settle down and stabilize? Automobiles have been the shakiest point in the nation's prosperity. Last year we produced three quarters of a million fewer automobiles than in 1926; and an analysis of November's production showed a drop of 50 per cent as compared with the previous year, and of 24 per cent even when the idle Ford plant was excluded from computation. The doldrums of the coal industry are another affair, due in part to mismanagement and in part to the use of substitutes for coal; but if automobiles stumble the whole house of industry will shake. The price war may mark a desperate crisis; it may bring the return to health.

THE *BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW* has analyzed the families listed by the New York *Times* in its holiday appeal for the "100 neediest cases." Fifty-one per cent, this journal reports, are needy for lack of knowledge regarding methods of contraception: mothers dead of anemia from the strain of bearing too many children; babies dying for lack of enough food and blankets to go around; fathers attempting suicide after a hopeless effort to support eight children on an unskilled worker's wage. Luckily the workers of the world are not everywhere subject to the legal puritanism prevailing in the United States. In England where the distribution of birth-control information is widespread if not scientifically controlled, the decline in the birth-rate among the working class was as great, between 1911 and 1921, as in the population as a whole. In London the average decrease for four poor boroughs since 1921 has been about 16 per cent; comparative figures in four wealthy boroughs show no greater decrease and in some cases an actual increase for the same period. In other European countries the figures are even more impressive. We quote from the *Birth Control Review:*

> The city of Bremen, which has a record typical of many German cities, had in 1901 an average of 1.27 children for the wealthy; of 4.49 for artisans and the poor. In 1925 it had 1.47, a slight increase, for the wealthy and only 1.92 for artisans and the poor. That is, these poorer classes had cut their families more than 50 per cent.

In spite of the stubborn bigotry of opponents of the movement, we cannot believe that it will be long before the workers of the United States insist on a similar right to limit their families to numbers they can decently support without recourse to the charitable efforts of the New York *Times* and other agencies of casual relief.

BY THE DEATH OF THOMAS FREDERICK CRANE December 9 America loses a pioneer in the field of Romance scholarship, and Cornell University the last survivor of the original faculty in 1868. He was a productive scholar: 1868-1924 are the terminal dates in his bibliography of 331 items, published as an appendix to his last volume, the Pez manuscript of the "Miracles of the Virgin," which he edited and printed at the age of eighty-one. Of these contributions, more than 200 were articles, reviews, and notices of foreign books written for *The Nation,* most of them before America possessed any periodicals devoted especially to foreign languages or literatures. He was a scholar who loved his work, and who found time for it despite his duties as professor and through all the distractions that came to him as dean and acting president. Besides many useful texts, he edited, while teaching, the "Exempla" of Jacques de Vitry and "Italian Popular Tales," and collected the materials for his monumental work, "Italian Social Customs of the Sixteenth Century." This scholarly volume is but one of the 65 items added to his bibliography after his retirement. His students have lost in this distinguished folk-lorist a critic, counselor, and friend.

Millionaires

VOLUMES have been written about the confiscatory character of the federal tax upon large incomes. Wealth has been pictured as groaning under an impossible burden of oppressive surtaxes, blighting business enterprise and discouraging investment in industry.

But just as Congress is being urged to grant retroactive corporation-tax reduction, the Treasury Department, with an amazing lack of team-work, makes public its preliminary annual report on income-tax statistics. They reveal a pyramiding of wealth beyond all the dreams of Solomon and Croesus. For the year 1926 228 persons reported incomes of $1,000,000 or more. The total income of these million-dollar-a-year men was $490,000,000, out of which they paid in income taxes $81,000,000, leaving them a paltry $409,000,000 to struggle along on during the year.

In the sacred $5,000,000-a-year bracket, the ratio of federal tax to income is still more astonishing. In 1926 fourteen citizens pocketed earnings totaling $101,000,000. The hard-hearted federal government extracted $17,000,000 in income tax, leaving the fourteen with only $84,000,000 to pay their expenses for the year!

Time was, and not so long ago, when a millionaire was something of a rarity. It is no longer a distinction to have a million dollars. There are literally thousands of millionaires, according to the Treasury's figures. In order to rise into the charmed golden circle now, one must not merely have a million dollars but make a million dollars income a year. In the antediluvian year of 1914 only sixty persons reported incomes of a million dollars a year. In the prosperous year of the "war babies," 1916, the number of million-dollar incomes rose to 206. There was a falling off in subsequent years, due to post-war deflation and the discovery of more up-to-date ways of evading taxation. But in 1926, the number went back again to 207, and in 1927, the million-dollar-income bracket broke all records with 228, while the number of $5,000,000 incomes doubled.

It is interesting to compare these figures of the higher brackets with those of incomes ranging from $1,000 to $5,000. Incomes between $1,000 and $2,000 declined from 1,071,992 to 1,016,153, those between $2,000 and $3,000 from 842,528 to 835,711, and those between $3,000 and $5,000 fell from 1,327,683 to 1,256,966. There was a corresponding decline in the income reported by all these classes.

Prosperity can hardly be called healthy unless well spread out and these figures would seem to indicate that there is something radically wrong with our distribution system. They ought at least to silence the nonsense about relieving the impoverished rich while we still have an $18,000,000,000 war debt hanging over our heads.

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When Is a War Not a War?

WHY, obviously, our government declares, in Nicaragua. In the very week when our Secretary of State has published his correspondence with France urging an agreement to "renounce" war between the two historic republics, we are sending the major general commanding the Marine Corps, with one thousand more marines and perhaps half a dozen warships, to Nicaragua. They will not, of course, engage in "war." They are sent merely as police to put down an uprising of "bandits." It is no war, although, seven days after the attack upon the American column which resulted in five Americans being killed and twenty-three wounded, the seriously injured could be removed from the scene of the attack at Quilali only by most daring work on the part of Marine Corps aviators. During that week the American public was informed that the country around Quilali had been cleared of the "bandits," yet the dispatches report that at each halt of the airplane to pick up a wounded man "Sandino snipers peppered at the plane with rifles from the surrounding hills," and a fighting bomber circled around Quilali dropping bombs on the hilltops so as to keep down the fire of the enemy. There are obviously "bandits" and "bandits" —the French in Syria who have been killing thirty thousand of the best Syrians also use the word to describe their enemies—but it is a new thing for an American government to be compelled to remove its wounded through the fire of "bandits" and under the cover of a bombing machine, and to admit that the losses have been proportionately as high as in our hardest battles in France.

The truth is, of course, that this is war, nothing more and nothing less, and the government might as well admit it. One does not send a thousand marines to reinforce a force of two to three thousand more if the adversaries are merely bandits. As it happens, there is official report that those who attacked the Americans at Quilali were well armed and equipped, and freshly uniformed. It is even reported that they are being trained by two American captives, which, incidentally, is the first word that we have received that there have been American prisoners in the "bandits'" hands. If further proof that this is a war were needed it would seem to come in the attempt of the marines to blacken the character of General Sandino. The intelligence bureau of that corps declares that Sandino is "a brave man but with a shady record, having served with Pancho Villa in Mexico"—a lie, as Mr. de la Selva points out on another page—and having been convicted "of a violent crime in Masaya." The Marine Corps further reports that this "bandit" carries "many flags, all with a red and black background with skull and cross-bones worked into the red and black." It fails, of course, to add that red and black are the colors of the Nicaraguan labor movement. Doubtless more atrocity stories and bolshevik bogies will follow.

The truth is that we are witnessing deliberate warfare —another case where the American Executive has usurped the power of the Congress to make war, precisely as did Wilson twice in Mexico and also in Haiti and in Santo Domingo. Everybody in Latin America knows that Sandino is not a bandit, but that he is a patriot fighting a madman's fight against overwhelming odds. It may be possible to fool the American people as to what has happened in Nicaragua; it may be possible to get the support of the bulk of the daily press of this country on the morally indefensible ground that having got into this mess we must see the thing through, but nobody will be fooled in Latin America. Undoubtedly the effort will be made to prove that the new uniforms and the arms and ammunition are coming from Mexico, and to portray this as fresh evidence of Mexican hostility to the United States. It is, of course, nothing of the kind. We have no right or power in law or morals to forbid the Mexicans to sell arms and ammunition in any direction that they please. We who have financed and made money out of a hundred revolutions in Central and South America cannot reserve to ourselves the right to a monopoly of this sorry business.

So, just as we are appealing to France to end the possibility of war, and endeavoring to define what is aggressive warfare and an aggressor nation, we are carrying on a peculiarly offensive aggressive war against a little neighboring country. The time-honored excuses that we have to defend American property, that if we did not restore order some European nation would do so, are being worked again. But worst of all is the plea that because we have blundered and lost American lives we must refuse to retrace our mistaken steps. Fortunately, there is an awakening public conscience on this matter. We have had a moving protest from one father whose son was slain; and a call has been issued for a conference on the bloodshed in Nicaragua, to be attended by such persons as Stephen P. Duggan, William Allen White, Everett Colby, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Raymond B. Fosdick, and George Foster Peabody. It is a time for mass meetings of protest all over the country, and we hope that they will be forthcoming. Above all we welcome the continued frank speaking in Congress of Senators Norris, Wheeler, Nye, and Heflin and of Representatives Huddleston and Bloom. Even Senator Edwards of New Jersey, who can hardly be called an habitual idealist, has been moved to protest.

It is time, indeed, for Congress to assert its rights as the war-making branch of the government. If there is any clause in the Constitution which is a dead letter it is that reserving to Congress the right to declare war. The failure in that document to define what war is constitutes an essential weakness. As a matter of fact, the Executive can and constantly does invade foreign territory with the armed forces of the United States without authority, and that fact is the reason for the growing Latin-American dread of us. Any President, as things stand today, can maneuver the country to the brink of war and then demand that Congress support him, assert that those who oppose war are unpatriotic and wilful men, summon to his side the press of the country, and appeal to the public to stand by the President and the flag. Every hoary device of the professional patriot to make people rally around the flag and to defend the national honor and prestige, however disgraceful the means by which we got into the fix, will then be used. Nicaragua today marks a disgraceful failure of American statesmanship. The real patriot will say so and will not for a single instant countenance the suggestion that rather than admit our blunder we should continue to fight an illegal and unwarranted war.

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Who Is Hearst's Forger?

AFTER several dawdling weeks Mr. Hearst has admitted that his "Mexican" documents are forgeries; John Page, who paid Miguel Avila $30,000 of Mr. Hearst's money for the papers, has admitted that they are forgeries; Mr. Avila admits it; three handwriting experts hired by Mr. Hearst assert it; and the government experts are equally emphatic. We might add that as far back as our issue of November 30 *The Nation* expressed its disbelief in the papers; and the Senate committee investigating the case is expected shortly to report that it too has its doubts. It is a cautious committee, but we believe it will go that far.

Mr. Hearst, we understand, has retired to California in disgust, leaving his armies of executives to wriggle out of the mess as best they can. They will not, we predict, have to wriggle hard. The Senate committee has shown throughout a scandalous respect for the tender susceptibilities of the Hearst organization; it has acted as if it believed that the Mexican Government was obligated to prove the documents false, and as if Mr. Hearst were merely the dupe of unscrupulous forgers. It has, so far as we are aware, made no really serious effort to trace the source of the forgeries or to discover whether anyone in Mr. Hearst's own organization bore any responsibility for them. It has not asked the telegraph companies to produce the messages exchanged between Mr. Hearst and his agents in Mexico City, as it asked them to produce messages between the Mexican Government and its agents. Having established that the charge that the Mexican Government had bribed, or attempted to bribe, United States Senators, is false, and having thus cleared the honor of that august body, the United States Senate, the Senators seem to feel that their work is done.

It is not. The Senators are not guardians of their own honor alone; the American people have a right to ask of them that, having gone thus far, they dig deeper and expose the whole slimy mess. They have heard, without, apparently, being surprised or disturbed, that the New York *Times* paid a man secretly to copy documents in the archives of a neighbor-government; that a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* obtained the privileges of the United States government diplomatic pouch to transmit a forged document from Mexico City to Washington—though in the end, convinced of the fraud, the *Ledger* honorably refused to publish the document for which it had paid. They have confirmed the fact that the Hearst newspapers foisted upon the American public, apparently in a deliberate effort to foster international ill-will and distrust, a series of totally false documents. They have watched Mr. Hearst, caught printing forgeries, declare unashamed that even though the documents be proved false he believes their contents still, and they have established that Mr. Hearst made no effort to test the authenticity of these documents before printing them. The committee has no right to let such unscrupulous journalism pass unscathed.

Any layman could see the improbability of the Hearst documents. Any graduate of a high-school course in Spanish could see that they teemed with grammatical errors, misplaced or omitted accents, and misspellings. More than one careful observer noted that documents alleged to have been taken from Mexico City archives and others said to have been stolen from the New York City consulate appeared to have been written upon the same eccentric typewriter. After his publications had created an international scandal Mr. Hearst had no difficulty in getting handwriting experts to inform him that his documents were unquestionably false. He still calls his action patriotic! He held the documents for months without investigation, then printed them; and before the Senate committee he gave as his only excuse the fact that the man who brought them to his agent was a "former member of the Military Intelligence Department" of the United States army, and had been honorably discharged after the war. Miguel Avila must have been in his element in the army's band of secret snoopers, and the fact that he had belonged to the Military Intelligence Department might of itself have been ground for suspicion that he was unreliable. Mr. Hearst's fakes are on a par with the brand of evidence conjured up during the war against thousands of honest men of German extraction, pacifists, industrial radicals, or mere liberals.

John Page, Mr. Hearst's Mexican agent, was the procurer of the forged documents which the *Public Ledger* two years ago refused to print. Avila seems to have been almost a professional purveyor of dubious documents. Who made Mr. Hearst's forgeries? The Senate committee must not let that question go unanswered. And what will the committee say of Mr. Hearst? Will it dare to picture that would-be war-maker as the simple dupe of a semi-literate border adventurer?

Nicholas Murray Butler

AT the time of the World War liberals had several good reasons for distrusting the acts of the President of Columbia University but since those days they have found increasingly frequent occasions to approve of his words. If there is any satisfactory explanation of the disappearance from the Columbia faculty of Cattell, Dana, Beard, and Robinson that explanation has never been given; and under the circumstances it is impossible to banish wholly the suspicion that President Butler's liberalism may be the sort which resounds most boldly when there is nothing to fear. Yet many of his recent public utterances have seemed to have the ring of sincerity in them. He has confessed to no change of heart but he has said so many admirable things and said them so well that one cannot but hope that such a change has taken place.

In particular, his just published annual report is a clear, bold, and vigorous document. In the course of it he defines so clearly the claim of the university to freedom from governmental control and the claim of the scholar to intellectual freedom from the control of his university that we should like to give his remarks on the subject the widest possible circulation:

> Columbia University exists and does its public work in the sphere of liberty, not in that of government. All institutions supported by public tax are, and of logical and political necessity should be, controlled and administered directly by public officers. These institutions exist and do their public work in the sphere of government. They are part of government. On the other hand, those institutions, whether eleemosynary, educational, literary, scientific, historical, or other, that grow up in the sphere of

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liberty, depend for their vitality and effective continuance upon the strength of the spirit of liberty among the people and upon the appreciation by the people of the moral responsibility which faith in liberty involves. . . . Men speak so much of government; depend, and increasingly, so much upon government; and so constantly seek, and increasingly, to use the power of government, that they quite overlook the fact that among a free people government is everywhere and always subordinate to liberty. Free men have themselves erected government and have given it for domain and occupation a very small part of all that constitutes their activity, physical, intellectual, social, moral, economic, reserving the vast and unlimited remainder for themselves as the sphere of liberty. . . .

One of the scholar's chiefest needs is protection in his becoming freedom and its exercise. The scholar who in sincerity and knowledge criticizes or dissents from some well-established institution, idea, or practice, or some new exhibition of folly or stupidity, is as much entitled to that dissent as his fellow who defends what this scholar condemns. This is one of the hardest lessons for public opinion in a democracy to learn. The persecuting instinct is so deep and so widespread and the passion for uniformity and conformity is so strong that many a missile will continue to be leveled at the devoted head of any scholar who dissents from a prevailing or a popular judgment. It seems to be forgotten, however, that if he does not dissent, such being his honest conviction, he ceases to be a scholar and falls back into the mob of those who have their thinking done for them and in whose lives passion and quickly flitting emotions take the place of ideas and knowledge as controlling forces.

It has been suggested that the increasingly uncompromising liberalism of President Butler's public utterances is the result of the decline of his political ambitions, that he has indulged more and more in the luxury of sincerity as he has hoped less and less for high office to be won through the sufferance of party leaders fearful of everything except trimming. If this be true, then we wish that President Butler would speak frankly of his past. Did he or did he not during those war days give the scholar that protection which is one of his "chiefest needs"; did he or did he not insist upon the right of the scholars immediately under his control to criticize or dissent from "some well-established institution, idea, or practice, or some new exhibition of folly or stupidity"; and did he or did he not himself forget that if a scholar so inclined does not dissent he "falls back into the mob of those who have their thinking done for them"? His words seem to imply a confession and a recantation, but mere implication is not enough. He owes those liberals to whom his words seem addressed some more satisfactory explanation than has ever been given of events at Columbia during the period of hysteria, and if there is no such satisfactory explanation to be given then he owes a confession and an apology.

To ask such a thing of a politician would be obviously absurd—a politician who changes front never ceases to hope that he will gain a new constituency through his present words while holding the old one through past actions—but there are signs that President Butler is tired of being a politician. If he is willing to surrender the power which he has and has hoped to have in party politics he has the mind to make him one of the most valuable and influential leaders in those liberal movements which can tolerate sincerity because they work through human individuals, not through machines.

50,000 Words of Fact

GOVERNOR SMITH'S message to the New York Legislature is widely hailed as a campaign document intended for the voters of the nation rather than the citizens of the Empire State. Maybe that's the Governor's purpose; we are not enough in his confidence to say. But the document itself strikes us as notably free from general political flubdub and packed with concrete facts of importance to the citizens of New York. Even more than its predecessors the message reads like the report of the president of a great corporation to its stockholders. To the people of New York and other States the message illustrates how far our commonwealths have outgrown their original political functions—how they have evolved into enormous and infinitely complicated business, educational, and scientific organizations. In a document of 50,000 words Governor Smith gives us a fascinating picture of the ramifications of a modern State government and a renewed respect for the civilian army which in spite of corruption and incompetence here and there nevertheless carries on an ant-hill of activity with industry and devotion. Besides this, Governor Smith shows the stockholders what he has been able to do for the company in eight years, six of them against a hostile legislature. And through it all one sees the astonishing mastery of detail possessed by this remarkable administrator who writes equally understandingly of straightening children's legs and adults' minds, of teachers' salaries and bovine tuberculosis, of prohibition and hydro-electric power.

The weakest part of the message is the few paragraphs in which it strays away from State business into national political controversy. The section on prohibition has no concrete application whatever and says nothing new, although it expresses an old truth neatly in the observation that "the people of any locality get the degree of law enforcement upon which they insist and for which they are willing to pay." It is encouraging to read that "the labor of a human being shall not be treated as a commodity," but one is disappointed to discover that the only protection here offered labor is a law making it impossible for a judge to issue a temporary injunction in industrial disputes without a hearing. The Governor is entitled to the credit he takes for the preservation or restitution of civil liberties, but his only new proposal is to abolish the motion-picture censorship. Of genuine national importance is the Governor's reiterated declaration in favor of public control of hydro-electric power and his new proposal that the legislature should pass on no amendments to the federal Constitution without submitting them to a State referendum. In his reassertion of belief in a deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the ocean through United States soil he is possibly swayed more by local patriotism than by wide understanding.

Admittedly Governor Smith is a reformer rather than a revolutionist—above all he is an administrator. His spade does not dig deep into the terrific economic or political problems of the day. If this is not the best of all possible worlds, at least it seems good enough for him. One stumbles with some amazement upon a comment that "of all human agencies government is the slowest to meet new and changed conditions."

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In Nicaragua

"What is that?"
"That is the Ambassador of Good-will!"

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It Seems To Heywood Broun

"WE have embarked upon a dangerous enterprise, now we must make our way out of it if we can do so consistent with national honor and safety."

I quote not from a staunch supporter of the Republican Administration but from Huddleston of Alabama who rose in the House to attack the Nicaraguan policy of Coolidge and Kellogg. And I must say that the attitude of the Opposition is even more painful to me than that of the ruling majority. It should be perfectly possible for a President of the United States to confess error and scrap an enterprise clearly wrongheaded. Yet my memory includes no such act on the part of any executive.

We need not marvel, then, when a Republican Congressman announces: "I hold that it is the duty of my country to protect my life and property wherever I am in all the world." Begg of Ohio is speaking, and if he ever gets a notion to follow the Roosevelt tradition and hunt lions in Africa it will become the duty of the navy to send a few marines to act as beaters. Administration stuff must follow formula. Apologies, retractions, and withdrawals can be looked for only in Utopia. What puzzles me is the weakness of the Opposition which is at liberty to attack from any quarter. The Democratic doctrine as outlined by Huddleston is just as dangerous as that which Coolidge has put into practice. In effect the minority is saying that the country has made a mistake which is unfortunate and reprehensible but that perhaps it is too late to do anything about it now.

If Sandino, in the remote foothills of Nicaragua, menaces the United States there is no reason in the world why we may not find it necessary tomorrow to land marines in Monaco. Indeed it would be more logical since in that case there would be pertinence in the cry that American property was in danger. Nor have I ever understood this matter of national honor. How can a shining face be put upon a shameful deed by mere persistence in wrongful rubbing? And in the New York *World*, again, I find a repetition of this heresy. With considerable vigor the *World* has fought against America's policy in Nicaragua, but now it seems to feel that because we have persisted in muddle-headedness there is nothing to do but go on. "We are in Nicaragua now," says the newspaper, "and the *World* has no hope or expectation that it will be possible to pull out easily. That blundering led us in we believe to be the fact beyond a doubt. But there we are; we are committed to the guaranty of a free and fair election in the hope that such an election will lead to the establishment of a stable government, and pulling out at the present moment would only make a bad matter worse."

Let me see, is not this the same United States which is wrestling with the problem of Vare and Smith? If we actually have a capacity for guaranteeing free and fair elections it might not be a bad idea to get the marines back from Nicaragua in time to superintend the next balloting in Philadelphia. I am blessed if I can understand it all. If the plan which we set in motion for the Central American republic was a blunder in the first place I do not comprehend just what has happened since to make it seem more wise. The very best thing a man can do who has set out upon the wrong road is to wheel about and retrace his steps. How can an election conducted under the shade of alien riflemen be called fair and free? The story goes that the State Department hopes to save face with all the world by reason of its belief that in the next election the Liberals will win. We could not recognize Sacasa because of the feeling that his claim was unconstitutional. Nicaraguans were polite enough not to note such motes in our eyes as the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Eighteenth amendments.

Indeed, a new reason for our ferocity against Sandino has just come to light. According to an Associated Press dispatch, "Sandino is understood to have established prohibition in territory under his control." This may explain our puzzling policy. Possibly the United States felt obliged to take control because Sandino failed to make enforcement efficient.

I don't quite understand just how the United States will seem less tyrannical to Latin America if Nicaragua eventually puts the Liberal Party into office. This faction was already well on its way toward power when our interference first began. The charge that our influence was once thrown to maintain the Conservatives is not a whit more damning than the accusation which may be made later on that we gave the Liberals a lift. The plain fact of the matter is that the complexion of Nicaraguan government is absolutely none of our business.

Officially Sandino is a bandit. Even the big news agencies, which are supposed to guard against editorialization in their reports, have begun to call him that. Possibly the label fits although America has a habit of always inventing names for its opponents. He is said to be a bandit because he lives off the land as he moves about as Sherman did in his march to the sea. Also there is the charge that he and his men have taken loot. By a happy chance we have sent marines to punish this marauder, for there is in the corps a tradition dating back to Boxer days. Some of the allied soldiers are believed to have come home heavy laden with Chinese possessions, but our marines moved steadfastly and never once stooped for treasures of jade and ivory. Well, hardly ever. Also, the news comes through the Associated Press that Sandino has no friends at all in Nicaragua. The American correspondents say that even his old associates among the Liberal leaders have disowned him. This would seem to one unversed in diplomatic niceties to make the matter very simple. If Conservatives and Liberals alike are arrayed against this fellow why can't we gracefully step down and let his own folk go and get him?

Suppose it be true that Sandino is a brigand, a bandit, a bad man, and even a "reptile" as the Washington *Post* calls him, there still remains the fact that Quilali is a long way from Chicago. After all we have our own bandits, our own bad men, and here and there a reptile. Why can't we focus our attention on them and save time and steamer fare?

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Sandino

By SALOMON DE LA SELVA

THIS is the story of General Augusto Calderon Sandino as we Nicaraguans who are in sympathy with him know it. Niquinohomo is a little village in central western Nicaragua, not much more than a thousand souls. It has about half a block of adobe houses with roofs of red tiles and perhaps three or four hundred wattle-cane huts, thatched with palm, shining golden in the sun. It is an ancient village founded by the Toltecs when they migrated into Nicaragua from Mexico a thousand years ago. Sandino was born and brought up at Niquinohomo, of parents born there. He was an illegitimate child, but his birth was not considered shameful in Nicaragua. We are not Nordics. When Augusto Sandino's mother died, his father, grown old enough to settle down, married. His wife, a typical Nicaraguan woman, reared young Sandino as if he were her own son. Other children have been born in the Sandino family, but all privileges of primogeniture are Augusto's. He is now in his thirties.

Sandino's father is an important man in the village of Niquinohomo and the boy received the usual education of his class; he learned the three R's and the catechism at an early age. He also learned to work. While still in his teens he became a produce merchant.

It was his business to buy the grain crops from the small farmers in the villages and sell them in bulk to wholesale dealers in the bigger towns. It was thus, going from place to place, that he gained a knowledge of his people, the real Nicaraguans who live close to their native soil. Nicaragua is agricultural. The professional classes, politicians included, live on the small farmer. Sandino early learned to understand the ways of politicians.

As a trader he prospered. With his earnings he bought himself a little farm. He could have made more money in business, but the land called him. His farm soon became a model. But in 1912, after armed intervention by American marines, American bankers acquired "by request of the Nicaraguan Government" full control over Nicaragua's credit and financial system. Farmers were driven to the wall. Augusto Sandino was ruined; his farm was taken from him.

Under Yankee influence Nicaragua's budget became a pork-barrel; the pro-American Conservatives grew fat as swine; the anti-American Liberals were starved. But twelve years of leanness is more than human politicians can stand. During those years the Nicaraguan Liberals gradually became converted to Jose Maria Moncada's philosophy that it is foolish to struggle against the inevitable, and that Nicaraguan Liberals should offer the almighty Americans more than the Conservatives had ever offered. Moncada was at first hated and called a lunatic. Gradually his views made progress. He has consistently preached submission to the United States. At about the time when Sandino was ruined financially Moncada was on the lookout for promising followers. Sandino left Niquinohomo and went to northern Nicaragua to work in the mines. Known already as an earnest, capable, and attractive young man, with wide influence among the people, he seemed to Moncada a good catch and an easy one. Moncada approached Sandino with guile. The story of his attempt to win him as a lieutenant reads like a troubadour's tale.

Moncada, on a certain evening, arranged a party for Sandino. *Cususa*, a native liquor of fine quality, flowed freely. Guitars were strummed, stories were told, songs sung. At the opportune hour an old woman brought in an untouched maiden.

"This beauty, this veritable pearl, this rival of the Graces," Moncada exclaimed, so the story goes, "I had intended for my delight. But as we are forever friends, and as you shall represent my policies in your Department, I cheerfully give her to you. Take her."

The girl, a frightened child of thirteen, was in tears. Sandino jumped up. "This girl," he said, "is the embodiment of Nicaragua. She shall not be yours or any man's to violate or give away." And with that, he put the girl on his horse and rode off into the darkness. Toward dawn he arrived at a convent of the Sisters of Mercy. The girl has since become Sister Maria Augusta and is, I understand, ministering to the poor in the Philippines.

From that day Augusto Calderon Sandino was a man at whose name the politicians quaked. "This girl is Nicaragua. She shall not be yours or any man's to violate or give away," became a slogan. Sandino was tempted with political honors. He was offered a seat in the Nicaraguan Chamber of Deputies, money with which to recover his lost farm. He resisted bribes of all kinds. Finally the politicians sought to have him murdered. Paid assassins were hired to pick a quarrel with him at the village bar and kill him in a drunken brawl. They nearly succeeded but Sandino, wounding one of his assailants, escaped alive. On that day he swore off alcohol.

Sandino did not have to flee the country nor was he prosecuted. The politicians were afraid to attack him. But life at home became impossible and Nicaraguans were emigrating in hordes. He arrived in Mexico in 1924, months after Pancho Villa had been killed, years after Pancho Villa had settled down to till the soil at Canutillo. Sandino was never near Villa's country. The story that he was a Villa man and a raider of American border towns is a fantastic lie. Sandino went to Tampico and worked in the oil fields. He remained there until the Sacasa revolution was well under way in 1926.

Following an honorable international tradition, the Calles Government contributed arms to what seemed a movement for the liberation of Nicaragua. These arms General Moncada personally received at Puerto Mexico in behalf of Sacasa. Sandino knew of it, as did everyone else. But Sandino feared for Nicaragua. He wrote to a friend: "Mexico, God forgive her, is unconsciously leading us to our most complete national ruin. Moncada will at the very first opportunity sell out to the Americans. We must not oppose the Sacasa revolution but get into it and, as a part of it, save it from Moncada. Moncada will betray Sacasa. . . ."

Sandino went back to Nicaragua and asked Moncada for

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arms. Moncada refused them. He was clearly playing a waiting game. Information had reached him that as soon as the American Congress adjourned, the Coolidge Administration would impose peace in Nicaragua. It was enough for him to hold his own and be within reach of Managua when the American pacificator should come. Sacasa, supposedly the head of the movement, cut a pitiful figure. Liberal politicians picked Moncada to be his army chief. Sacasa, in New York at the time, is said to have made a wry face; but he signed the appointment. He has now the leisure to regret. During the fighting Moncada broke off communications with Sacasa and received no orders.

Some of Sacasa's faithful officials gave Sandino forty rifles and a little ammunition. With this he began his career as a soldier. He kept clear of Moncada and Moncada of him, but each watched the other more closely, perhaps, than they watched the common enemy. Soon Sandino made connections with the forces of General Parajon, one of the field organizers for the Nicaraguan Federation of Labor. The federation considered the war no social or economic movement, but a political revolution from which the workers had nothing to gain. Indeed, the Sacasa revolution was not popular, and it became less so when Moncada was appointed its military leader.

With armed intervention by the United States in favor of Diaz, popular feeling swung to the side of Sacasa and Moncada. But the volunteers in the Liberal ranks went forth to battle not as Liberals but as Laborites carrying Labor's red and black flag. Parajon's and Sandino's men wore the red and black in their hats and even imposed the fashion on Moncada's army. Matters stood thus when Mr. Stimson arrived to impose peace.

Stimson made straight for Moncada. In half an hour Moncada's submission was assured. Diaz had already expressed to Mr. Stimson his willingness to become a figurehead. Moncada outdid Diaz. He said that he could guarantee the surrender of all the generals except Sandino. Parajon laid down his arms, believing that the Nicaraguan Federation of Labor could not wage war against the United States. Sandino held that if one were doomed to be crushed in any case, one might as well go to that doom bravely. Also Sandino trusted that the hearts of plain Americans might be moved by his action. He lined up his men; he knew them all by name. To some he said: "You are heads of families. You must not be sacrificed; I bid you farewell." To the others he said: "If there is any one of you who for any reason should not follow me, he is free to deliver his rifle and go home. You need give no explanations. I know that no one of you is a coward."

Sandino is not a bandit. If Americans read the Latin-American press they would realize that to a growing portion of Latin-American opinion Sandino is of the breed of Bolivar and Sucre and San Martin and Marti. Sandino is looked upon as a liberator. In the Hall of National Heroes at the Pan-American Union in Washington Nicaragua's pedestal is empty. She now has a candidate.

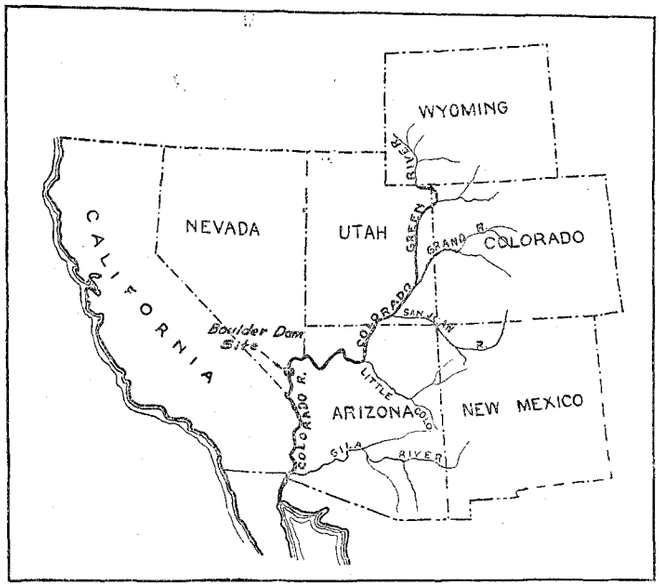
Who Owns Our Rivers?

By GIFFORD PINCHOT

THE Boulder Dam project supplies one of the most important problems before the present Congress. I would like to lead you to it along a winding trail.

Three-fourths of the earth's surface is water. But when you step off an ocean liner and come ashore you do not leave the water question behind you. The problem changes from salt water to fresh, but it does not evaporate. Of all the natural resources water on land is in one sense the most fundamental and the most clamorous for attention, just as the forest is in another sense.

A great part of man's task on the land is dealing with water, because next to the air we breathe water is the most essential thing in human life. The number of people who can live in the United States is determined not by the available amount of land but by the available amount of water. We have land enough for a far larger population than will ever inhabit the United States for the simple reason that we lack water enough to make all the land fertile and productive. Millions of arid and semi-arid acres lie out under the sun to prove it. It takes many tons of water to grow an acre of corn. It takes additional tons of water to transform that corn into hogs. Forty acres without water will produce neither a single ear of corn nor a single pork chop.



Territory Drained by Colorado River

Water, then, is indispensable, but as with other good things it is easily possible to have too much of it. We are apt to speak of fire as the destroying element, but an excess of water is far more destructive than an excess of fire. The greatest natural calamity in the history of the United States, the recent Mississippi flood, was due to too much water at one time in the wrong place.

The chief conservation problem facing the people of the United States is the control of our river systems. There are three river problems which have become immediate issues before Con-

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gress. One is that of the Mississippi, brought to a head by the great flood of a year ago; another, that of Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee; the third, that of Boulder Canyon. In all three the development of electric power has become a crucial question, and for precisely the same reason. Briefly the issue is, For whose benefit shall the power be developed?

I would not have you understand that the question of electric power is the only one involved in Boulder Canyon. Navigation to some extent, irrigation to a very large extent, and flood control are all intimately involved; and so is the domestic and industrial water-supply for more than a million people in and around Los Angeles.

The Colorado River is formed by the junction of the Green and the Grand rivers in the State of Utah. From its headwaters to the Gulf it flows through or past seven States. There are along it thirteen principal power sites capable of developing three or four million water horsepower. Along its course in Arizona and California, and Mexico as well, are millions of acres of irrigable lands now desert; and near its mouth is the Imperial Valley, partly in California and partly in Mexico, inhabited mainly by American citizens, and redeemed from utter barrenness by water from the Colorado River.

Most of Imperial Valley, moreover, is below sea level, and there is serious danger that the Colorado, which flows past it at a high elevation, will break into this deep hole as it did into the Salton Sink and change a land of fertile farms into a Dead Sea.

In order to prevent this calamity it is proposed to build at Boulder Canyon a dam twice as high as the next highest dam in the world, and create a reservoir a hundred miles long, capable of holding the entire flow of the Colorado for more than a year. This dam will make flood control certain and secure. At the same time it will develop from 600,000 to 1,000,000 continuous horse-power. And that is what the trouble is all about.

If there were no power question involved the Boulder Dam Bill would meet nothing but smiles. The bill authorizes (but does not direct) the Secretary of the Interior to construct electric-power-generating works in connection with the dam, and sell the power for distribution to municipalities or to private power corporations. If the Government makes and sells that power, it can incorporate in the contract of sale such conditions as will insure ultimate justice to the consumer.

That is important to the domestic consumer especially (which means pretty nearly all of us) because the power companies have been making us pay several times as much as we ought to pay. It is important to the companies because they have been, and are now, charging us several times as much as they could afford to serve us for. Which brings us to the essential question: Shall the Government be authorized to build the power works at Boulder Dam, and so get a chance to protect the rest of us from the present extortion? Or shall the Government, having built the dam, let some private company build the works, and so lose the chance to prevent extortion? That is the gist of the whole matter.

There are, of course, complications. So vast a project could hardly be without them. Certain of the States through which the Colorado River flows demand that this great national project shall take second place to the States' Rights theory and the individual interests of the States. Arizona, for example, proposes to hold up the project unless she can be guaranteed what amounts to the right to tax national property used for the creation of electric power in the Colorado River. As a representative of Arizona said to me, "We propose to make the Government pay just as if it was a private company."

But the more serious danger comes from the electric-power companies, which are also suspected of being behind some of the obstructive demands of the States. The object of the power companies is to prevent the establishment of a government standard by which their own rates to consumers of electric power can be measured. Their objection to the construction of Boulder Dam has nothing to do with the dam itself but is wholly centered in the power-generating works through which the Government, under the Swing-Johnson Bill, is authorized to utilize the hydro-electric energy made available by the dam.

The Government does not propose to go into the business of selling power to the consumer. What it contemplates doing at Boulder Dam is what it is already doing at a number of government-built irrigation dams, namely, to transform into electric current the energy produced by the dam and to sell that current for distribution either by municipalities or private corporations. It does not propose to go into the power business but merely to produce the current, leaving to other agencies its distribution to the consumer.

That this is a proper function of the Government is attested not only by common sense but also by the man who has a better right to speak for the power industry than any other in America—Owen D. Young, head of the General Electric Company. In a speech on May 18, 1926, to the National Electric Light Association, Mr. Young said:

> There is a class of water-powers which, in my judgment, must be separately considered. No suggestion has yet been made which adequately meets their needs. Where vast rivers either on international boundaries or within the United States require development for several purposes, such as navigation, irrigation, and flood control as well as for power, there arises a new kind of question which is wholly unrelated to the old controversy of government versus private ownership. The discussion of this question has been clouded by the old animosities. The private-ownership people feel that if the Government has anything to do with the development of power in these composite situations, it will be merely the starting-point from which the advocates of public ownership will advance their operations. On the other hand, the public-ownership people feel that the privately owned companies which seek to throw dams in these great rivers, and incidentally perforce take over the effective navigation, irrigation, and flood control, are so intrenching themselves in purely public operations as not only to make all thought of public ownership impossible, but to create instruments of oppression rather than of service. While this debate goes on, vast rivers go unharnessed for power, waterways are undeveloped, floods drown us, and droughts devour us. May I not call for a broader view in the public interest from the representatives of both the utilities and the public? . . .
>
> Much has been made of the question as to whether these dams should be built and owned by the Government. If the dams really serve the great purposes of navigation and flood control, which are clearly governmental activities, then it seems to me public ownership of them cannot be objected to. Personally, I prefer that the construction and ownership of such an enterprise be in the hands of a public corporation, the stock of which should be government-owned, with the

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provision that that corporation finance the enterprise with its own securities.

Mr. Young favors the public development of the Long Sault rapids on the St. Lawrence and the public construction of the power works there. Where he stands on the Swing-Johnson Bill I do not know, but the electric industry takes precisely the position which he does not take in the quotation above, and has today a great lobby in Washington to defeat the Boulder Dam project.

The power companies have four lines of defense against the establishment of a government standard at Boulder Canyon. The front-line trenches are built to prevent the passage of the bill altogether, thus destroying the Government's power not only to protect the consumers of electricity but also to protect the farmers of Imperial Valley against flood. This first line held at the last session of Congress. If the power companies can persuade Congress to defer action till the several States along the Colorado settle all their differences, and then can keep the States from agreeing, this first line may hold indefinitely.

The second line intends to restrict the Government's action solely to the construction of a flood-prevention dam, which need not be at Boulder Canyon and which would produce either a comparatively negligible amount of electricity or no electricity at all.

The third line is to prevent government-built electricity-generating works from being attached to the Boulder Dam project. The electric interests baldly offered at the last session to allow the passage of the Boulder Dam Bill provided the authority to construct these generating works was cut out.

But if they are defeated here and Boulder Dam is built with the government generating works attached, then the fourth line of defense of the power people is to saddle the government-made current with every possible or impossible expense, with the immediate hope of hampering the enterprise and the more distant hope of making the Government's undertaking fail altogether.

Here is where the demand of Arizona and Nevada for the right to tax government property fits the hand of the power companies like a glove. If Arizona can add its taxes to the cost of the power produced, if Nevada can do likewise, if later the similar claims of other States can add still further to the burden, then perhaps the power interests, driven out of their first, second, and third lines of defense, may still be able to hold out.

The vastness of the stake for which the power companies are playing must never be forgotten. Boulder Canyon is to them not a question of Los Angeles or California or Arizona or any of the seven States of the Colorado Basin. It is a question of the value to its owners of the gigantic electric monopoly now forming all over the United States—its value measured in excessive rates to the consumer. On no other theory can their nation-wide opposition to Boulder Canyon be explained or understood. And just there lies your interest and mine in what is about to happen at a spot in the Colorado River that very few of us have ever seen or ever will.

Americans We Like
Oscar Ameringer

By McALISTER COLEMAN

The Tenth in a Series of Personality Portraits

"WELL, folks, politics has got down to this. Politics is the fine art whereby the politicians extract campaign contributions from the rich and votes from the poor on the ground that the politicians will protect one from the other."

It is a farmers' picnic out in the grass roots of Oklahoma and Uncle Oscar is talking. The men slap their thighs and the women smile happily up at the sturdy figure above them. They have known Oscar Ameringer these many years, and they have come miles to hear him tell them what's what in this country of theirs which he knows so well.

Or, again, he is walking up and down the stage of a little motion-picture house in the coal-fields of central Illinois. It is Sunday afternoon and the union miners and their families have packed the place for a grand powwow over the state of the industry.

"They use long words, these highbrow fellows," says Oscar, "they come here and tell you about how economics is the reason why we haven't got work. Well, what is economics? Every one of you boys and girls have all the economics in the world in your right hand. Hold up your hands."

Oscar shoots a clenched fist toward the roof and all over the hall men, women, and children gleefully follow suit.

"Now," commands Oscar, "stick out your pinkie and your thumb." Pinkies and thumbs are thrust out.

"Good," grunts Oscar. "Now, listen, children. What are we all here for on this earth? Why do we go down into the mines and out on the farms and into the factories and work our arms off? Why, to make both ends meet. Isn't that so? Sure! You see my thumb up here? Well, those are the bosses, the big boys. They are the I-eats. Down here where my pinkie is, that's us—the We-sweats. Now it's the job of the I-eats to keep pushing themselves up as far away as possible from We-sweats down here." At this point he raises his thumb and depresses his little finger and from the front rows of the house where all the youngsters sit in goggle-eyed admiration of their hero, clear back to the elders in the rear, there is a grave wiggling. "Every time they go up, we would go down if it were not for one thing," continues Oscar, "and that thing is the lever that we call union; it gives us a lift whenever we have sense enough to use it." Here he makes a lever out of the forefinger of his left hand and up goes the little finger to meet the thumb.

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As he walks down the street after the meeting in consultation with some of the local union leaders, miners' urchins acknowledge his approach with the sign of the thumb and the little finger.

Oscar Ameringer is one whose story follows a pioneering home-spun pattern of the sort that will never again be woven in this country. The fire of rebellion, first lighted in the obscure little town of Achstetten, Germany, where Oscar was born in 1870, still burns in him, in spite of disappointments, as brightly as ever. Not long ago he wrote in his *Oklahoma Leader:*

> God, is there not enough brains in this great, intelligent country to realize that we are smothered, suffocated, drowned under avalanches of goods and commodities the producing masses cannot purchase with their present income? . . .
>
> What's the purpose of industry? To supply human wants? To aid men in the struggle for life, liberty, and happiness? To relieve men from the fear of want? To feed, clothe, and shelter God's children? To give them time, leisure, and peace to enjoy the only worth-while things in life—serenity, love, beauty, and freedom? Banish the thought! The purpose of industry is industry. It's to make money to buy machines, dig mines, erect new plants, so as to make money to buy, dig, erect until we dig the grave of civilization in a bedlam of speed, noise, racket, rattle, smoke, dust and rust, woe and war.

This is a bit more somber perhaps than Oscar's usual tone but it contains the hard, sure thrust, the rebel slant, the deep hunger for "serenity, love, beauty, and freedom" that mark the writing of this dean of labor journalists.

Back in Achstetten Oscar's father would look up from his cabinet-making ("And how beautifully they made cabinets in those days!" says Oscar), to watch the boy practicing with flute or horn, and conclude that he was the parent of a musician of parts. He taught him cabinet-making and then Oscar went away to Munich to study painting and incidentally to hear the teachings of a new school of rebel economists who were saying strange things about proletarians and bourgeoisie. No doubt all intelligent artists are rebels at heart. But rarely is one found who sees as clearly as Oscar what might happen to the soul of man under socialism. So clearly did he see it, even then at the age of sixteen, and so sick was he of a Europe of strutting drill-sergeants and comic-opera kaisers that he set out for America with little else in his pack than his flute and his books and his cabinet-making tools.

He had no English, no money, no job. But he had mother-wit and an appealing way about him and all through the Middle West in those days were other German rebels who were willing to give the boy a lift. It is characteristic of him that the first thing he did on landing was to join the Knights of Labor, that romantic, mystical predecessor to the "business unionism" of today. Tending bar for some *Landsmann* down a back alley in Cincinnati, traveling with a troupe of jolly Germans under the ironic title of the "Street Pavers of Paris," dropping his tools to march in a workers' parade with the red flags ahead and the fifes shrilling the Marseillaise—always the lad kept the vision of an America where there would be enough love, beauty, and freedom to go around, for poor as well as rich.

In New Orleans the brewers' union waged a lively strike with Oscar on the picket-line every morning, the terror of the bosses. He was particularly successful in getting out the colored workers. Next he preached socialism in Texas, in the company of a phrenologist. "I would tootle on my flute to get the crowd. Then this fellow would read their bumps and then I would hammer socialism at them."

To Oklahoma Oscar went to tackle one of the most difficult organization jobs in the history of American socialism. With Dan Hogan, who had come over from his print-shop in Arkansas and Dan's capable and courageous daughter Freda, Oscar made Oklahoma the second State in the union in the number of Socialist Party members.

When the war came to smash the dream of a socialized America it did not sweep Oscar off his steady feet. In his paper, the *Labor World,* and later in the *Oklahoma Pioneer* he had been writing editorials prophetic of just such a calamity. In Milwaukee his old friend Victor Berger was making a gallant stand against the war hysteria and soon Oscar was by his side writing editorials for the *Leader* when he was not answering the numerous indictments for high treason that were showered on him and Berger. While the war never for a moment stampeded Oscar either to the Right or Left, it left its mark on him. He cannot to this day speak of those lunatic days without a boom of anger.

The labor press. Inadequate as it is, it is terrifying to think what it would be without Ameringer's swingeing editorials, his flashing humor lighting up the "miles on miles of desolation" filled with convention reports and the smug pictures of officialdom. The miracle is that he can keep it up week after week. Yet he runs not one but many labor papers in his beautifully equipped plant in Oklahoma City. There, again with Dan and Freda Hogan, Oscar keeps alive what sparks there are in the labor movement of the Southwest and somehow finds time to make the *Illinois Miner* one of the few distinguished working-class journals in the country.

To this day "make-up" remains a mystery to a man who has had many tempting offers from the old-line, "capitalist" newspapers. For the life of him he cannot write a head-line, and his copy has funny little grammatical twists that are the despair of the college men on his staff. Yet this proletarian-musician-painter-brewer-cabinet-maker, with never a day's formal training in the business of writing, has turned out two books, "Socialism—What It Is" and "The Life and Deeds of Uncle Sam," that have sold in the hundreds of thousands. He has written and still writes editorials and articles that are as widely read as the products of the most highly paid American journalists. And all this he does for wages, as often as not long overdue, that a cub on a New York paper would sniff at.

He sits at his desk with the temperature over 100 in the shade and proceeds to skin alive a treacherous governor whom he himself put into office. This perfidy of elected persons is nothing new in Oscar's life, and he knows just how to make this particular Judas wince. He groans a little in the agony of composition and the sweat runs down the ends of his spectacle bows, but presently he is finished (and so is the governor) and he turns to discuss with an engineer from the State university a plan for a giant power-plant in Illinois that will give the coal-diggers of those parts a chance for more work and a better life. Then there is a speech to be made in a little town forty miles away

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where the Klan has been cutting capers. So Oscar climbs into the Ford and chugs off. The pockets of many of the men in his silent audience bulge meaningfully. But Oscar merely beams down from the platform as he says:

> When did Jews ever do you folks any harm? There's Jake runs the haberdashery. Didn't Jake give you credit in the last strike? Didn't he carry you long after it was bad business for him to do it? Jake's all right. And so are the colored people, the other side of the road. They don't bother you any, do they? And the three Catholics in town. Pretty good fellows, aren't they? Don't let's go off our heads. Come on, folks, take a vote. Are we sensible, decent, warm-hearted Americans or just jackasses in nightgowns? All who are jackasses hold up their hands.

As he leaves that town to drift back home to his work, its citizens are firmly convinced that in some manner they have voted out the Klan.

It is on Saturday nights, with the crowded week behind him and a group of big-muscled young miners or old comrades in the movement lolling beside him, that Oscar bursts into full and luxuriant bloom. Story after story he tells, the story of the America that was, of which he was no inconsiderable part, and which he saw with the shrewdest and kindest and most understanding eyes.

In the Driftway

IF the Drifter had his life to live over again, he always tells himself he would pick out some job more lucrative than journalism. Until lately he has thought that he would choose the profession of millionaire. There seems to be more money in that than in any other occupation of which the Drifter knows unless possibly the career of billionaire. And the circle of billionaires is still so small and select that the Drifter is not sure he could pass the entrance examinations. Recently, though, the Drifter has discovered a better paying occupation than that of millionaire. It is to be a telephone clerk in a New York stock-broker's office. In glancing over the New Year's changes in the financial district the Drifter observes that no fewer than four telephone clerks have bought seats on the Stock Exchange. As such a seat costs in the neighborhood of $300,000—and as telephone clerks are probably not often the heirs of wealthy fathers—it would seem to be a fair guess that the job itself was a profitable one.

* * * * *

TO return to journalism, billionaires, and entrance examinations, the Drifter recalls a story, doubtless apocryphal, once told of the former Emperor of Germany. Before a gathering of newspaper correspondents he is said to have observed scornfully: "A journalist? Bah! What degree does one have to have to be a journalist?" To which one of the group responded suavely: "And what degree does one have to have, your Majesty, to be an emperor?" To the Drifter it has always seemed that although no degree and no entrance examinations are required to be a journalist the job itself is an elimination race more ruthless and breathless than any other with which he is acquainted. Many are called—or think they are—but few are chosen, and fewer still survive any number of years. Once a teacher, always a teacher—if one wishes. So, too, in the law and in the church. There are posts positively aching to accommodate worthless or lazy lawyers and clergymen. But there are few openings clamoring for incompetent journalists, and practically none for lazy ones. At least the Drifter can't find any.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is not a passionate devotee of the movies, but the announcement of the St. George Playhouse, a new motion-picture theater on Brooklyn Heights, is beguiling. One reads, for instance:

> The architecture of the St. George Playhouse is magnificent. Should it prove more profitable, only a few changes would be necessary to convert it into the most elegant gasoline station in Brooklyn.
>
> Our lobby is smaller but even more intimate than the Clark Street Subway Station.
>
> The seats in the St. George Playhouse were tailored to fit Chief Justice Taft—high, wide, and handsome.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Hearst's War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Max Sherover in his "Fakes in American Journalism" cited cablegrams which told the story of Hearst's provocative attitude just before the Spanish-American War. The papers passed between Hearst and Frederick Remington, the American artist.

> Long before we, the common people, dreamt of war with Spain Hearst sent Remington to Cuba to produce "pictures that will stir up the blood of the people at home." When Remington arrived, being green at the business, he cabled back to Hearst:
>
> W. R. HEARST, New York *Journal*, N. Y.
>
> Everything is quiet. There is no trouble here. There will be no war. I wish to return. REMINGTON
>
> And here is the answer he got:
>
> F. REMINGTON, Havana, Cuba.
>
> Please remain. You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war. HEARST

Lackawanna, New York, December 27 ALFRED KIEFER

Whose India?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I trust *The Nation* will follow Ramsay MacDonald's The New Indian Constitution with another article which will lead to a measure of understanding of England's latest manifestation of arrogant superiority, this all-British commission appointed to be judge and jury of England's actions.

Mr. MacDonald has left untouched the spirit underlying what all India regards as an irrevocable insult to the manhood and womanhood of the motherland.

Annie Besant, who has come out flatfootedly against the recognition by Indians of the proposed commission, went to the heart of the thing when (in offering to tear up her Government of India bill, if a better one could be constructed) she said that nothing mattered save that which "aimed at the freedom of India in the shortest possible time."

Indians realize—if Ramsay MacDonald does not—that there is nothing surrounding the appointment of the present com-

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mission that can give an iota of hope that England looks forward to freeing India from her chains. Not since the jailing of Mahatma Gandhi in 1922 has India been so stirred from sea to sea; all parties are a unit on the question of "avenging the insult to [their] national honor"; communal differences are, for a time at least, forgotten in the contemplation of an act of supreme injustice and complete indifference to the desires of Indians—and when Americans understand all this, they will take their stand by the side of Annie Besant rather than of her countryman who heads the British Labor Party. Furthermore, not a few of the Labor Party regret exceedingly the presence of two Labor men on the commission, lending their aid to imperialistic designs rather than to human liberty and self-determinism.

Washington, D. C., January 7 BLANCHE WATSON

We Were Wrong

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In ascribing the resignation of President Trotter of West Virginia University to the recent controversy over the appearance of Kirby Page, the American Civil Liberties Union and *The Nation* are evidently misinformed.

President Trotter submitted his resignation several years before Mr. Page's visit, but attempts to find a successor failed. A newly constituted Board of Governors took office in July, 1927, and, after a search of several months, announced the election of a new president. This announcement closely followed the visit of Kirby Page, but could hardly be connected with it. The election of a new president had been extensively discussed in the press of West Virginia during the last year.

As stated in *The Nation* at the time, a few students organized an outside meeting, which Mr. Page addressed. A small admission fee was charged, which may account for the poor attendance. My estimate of the number of students present would be under 150—a poor showing for a student body of over 2,000. This is hardly a victory for tolerance, although it is something to have a *few* students and a *few* faculty members with courage to make a protest.

LELAND H. TAYLOR

Morgantown, West Virginia, January 2

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Books, Music, Plays

One Reason

By LAURA RIDING

There is one reason only, and my own.
And my own I know by shame
And foolishness, and cannot tell;
Or in shame and foolishness I tell
And am despised for publishing
What all in shame and foolishness know well.
Each has one reason only, and his own.

The Jesuits Indicted

The Jesuit Enigma. By E. Boyd Barrett. Boni and Liveright. $4.

DR. BARRETT, twenty years of whose life were passed as a member of the Jesuit order, has felt it his duty, now that he is free, to describe the order as he knew it and as its history reveals it. He expressly disclaims any intention of adding to the "revelations" of which the Roman church and its institutions have so often been the subject, and insists that his method is that of criticism rather than attack. The picture which he draws, while less appealing as a piece of spiritual biography than Alfred Loisy's "My Duel with the Vatican," and without the central thread of a great religious controversy which helps to make that book a classic, is nevertheless one of vivid interest, certain to be painful to those who have affected to see in the Jesuit order a model of intellectual ability or religious devotion, and disturbing to such as fear ecclesiastical encroachment upon religious toleration or the practice of democratic government.

Beginning with a summary sketch of the rise and development of the Society of Jesus, Dr. Barrett proceeds to dissect its organization, its methods of discipline and propaganda, and its spirit and achievements, supporting his examination with documentary evidence as well as with his own experiences. The outcome, at almost every point, is destructive. The claim of supreme devotion to the Pope is shown to have yielded more than once to support of temporal rulers with whom the Papacy was at odds, and irregularity and scandal have touched some of the elections of the head of the order. The famous "Spiritual Exercises" which Loyola devised for the spiritual discipline of the members appear in practice as a repellent agent of mental, moral, and nervous strain, especially for novices, producing, in all too many instances, abnormal mental phenomena whose characteristics Dr. Barrett, himself a psychologist of repute, unsparingly describes.

Where the roots are diseased, one must not expect the tree to be healthy. Constant espionage, extending even to the inner circle but exercised with special rigor among the rank and file, keeps the members of the order on edge and generates an atmosphere heavily laden with suspicion and intrigue. "Women," Dr. Barrett declares, "are the Jesuits' best friends," but while the grosser sexual irregularities are rare, the widespread disregard of rules relating to official and personal relations with women make the Society at this point very different in fact from what it is in theory. An antiquated system of education produces neither rational study nor good teaching, and the far-famed scholarship of the Jesuits, when it is not a thin veneer, is entirely incidental. A wasteful use of the personal property of the order, together with wide evasion of the rules against retaining or accumulating personal possessions, goes hand in hand, especially in the United States, with the shrewd amassing of wealth in land, churches, and schools, much of which is untaxed, and swelling revenues from periodical publications of large circulation, the sale of great quantities of religious objects, and fees for masses and other religious services.

The book closes with a chapter in which Dr. Barrett narrates his own harassing experiences as a student and writer, his treatment at the hands of the universities of Georgetown and Fordham, and the dramatic closing against him of the door of the Jesuit house on Sixteenth Street in this city. The existence of a Jesuit School of Foreign Service at Washington suggests some disquieting reflections on the possible future of the order in American public life. One wonders what reply, if any, the Society will make to the indictment which Dr. Barrett has framed.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Steele MacKaye

Epoch. The Life of Steele MacKaye, Genius of the Theater, in Relation to His Times and Contemporaries. A Memoir by His Son Percy MacKaye. Two volumes. Boni and Liveright. $10.

STEELE MACKAYE was one of those restless and indefatigable projectors who live in a perpetual state of vague elation, who hypnotize their contemporaries by the intransigence of their personalities, and who leave behind them in the records of history little more than a name. Now his son has written a memoir of nearly a thousand pages, and in the course of it filial piety is more conspicuous than a sense of proportion.

In his day MacKaye was the successful manager of various theaters as well as a famous actor, but he had never been content to be *merely* an actor, or *merely* a playwright, or *merely* a manager, or *merely* an anything else. As a youth he had fallen into the habit of filling notebooks with phrases about the "current of our being" which "flows toward the sea of eternity"; he had approached the stage by means of a series of illustrative lectures "showing especially the connection of the laws of dramatic expression, in the system of Delsarte, with character, morality, aesthetics, and religion"; and whatever he did was somehow connected with what we should now call "uplift." William James remembered him when he was about twenty "effervescing with incoordinated romantic ideas of every description." He inhabited a vague world full of capital letters—Art, Religion, Progress, America, and the like—which lay somewhere between New England Transcendentalism and New Thought. He was always inaugurating, discovering, or reviving something of vast spiritual importance and in some ways nothing was more characteristic than the colossal failure of his "Spectatorium" for the production of a spectacle at the World's Fair, into the construction of which $500,000 is said to have been sunk before the project was finally abandoned. Indomitably energetic and incurably histrionic, he had the power of making all sorts and conditions of men believe that the world's great age was about to begin anew, but it is doubtful if he actually did much of any substantial importance.

Of the thirty plays which he either composed or had a hand in, only one—"Hazel Kirke"—survives even as a name, and though he is perhaps the father of that whole Civic Theater and Communal Masque idea which has never, in America at least, been much more than a solemn farce, it is probable that his chief tangible influence was the one which he exerted upon acting and the mechanics of stage production. And certainly if this view of him is unjust his son's memoir does little to correct it, for the memoir is too enthusiastically uncritical to carry much conviction. The MacKayes were a letter-writing, diary-keeping family, and from the materials thus provided the author draws copiously, presenting the inner details of the family history together with voluminous extracts from the opinions of all the

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great and near-great who approved of MacKaye's schemes, as well as anecdotes and characterizations of others in all walks of American life. But there is very little left to support these contemporary judgments and the rhetorical enthusiasm of the son is not wholly persuasive.

Indeed few books have ever been more fatally overwritten. "Prophetically, his dynamic ideal shall yet constructively kindle a future grown more communal in the humanisms of art." This is a fair sample of the author's style, and to it I may add the following incomprehensible sentence from the preface: "Through the warp and woof of these years run threads of a biologic theme, which partly hints and reveals its subconscious designs in the Prologue and Epilogue." Nor is this indeed the worst. In the "Theme" which precedes everything else there is an "orb of dew," a "mystic seed," a "yearning heart," a "bitter fruit," and a "dreamless fen," all of which (inevitably) "beacon" "Onward." If MacKaye has a solid and substantial claim to fame it is from just such rhetoric as this that it needs to be rescued. He was himself proficient enough in that. His son has unfortunately carried coals to Newcastle.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A Tennessee Epic

The Tall Men. Portrait of a Tennessean. By Donald Davidson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

TO most readers poetry means the lyric. Whitman was wont to complain in his day that everybody preferred the "piano-tunes" of parlor bards to the authentic but less polite native stuff, and things are no better today. Ask a hundred readers of poetry today what they admire and the answer is likely to be the work of Miss Teasdale, Miss Millay, or Mr. Walter de la Mare. The exceptions are a few hundred fanatics who mostly don't count.

These reflections emerge from reading Mr. Davidson's second volume, "The Tall Men." Mr. Davidson as a poet has directed the force of an inquiring and vigorous mind against this age. And the result is that he has visualized an unsung epic. Unsung, because his people were content to live by brooding on their store of past memories rather than by singing them. And still unsung, despite Mr. Davidson's best efforts, because when those who had lived this epic awakened to its beauty the theme itself had been already snatched from them to be played with and ground to powder by the combined forces of Rotary and Ford.

Yet the epic that began when the Watauga settlers followed Boone's trail across the Blue Ridge and became independent, down to the appropriate conclusion in the battle of Nashville, which Major Woods, the British authority, calls the last decisive battle of the Civil War, is worthy of a Homer. We need not lament that there are few Homers nowadays. The age does not deserve them, and Mr. Davidson does what he can. It is not his fault that he has to see his subject through the blinding dust raised by a million mechanical inventions—short-cuts to that "progress" which is either within the spirit of a man or a race, or nowhere.

Mr. Davidson's epic has three phases. There is the past, seen through the eyes of one McCrory, one of that little company of "tall men who fight with a lazy smile, speaking from long rifles" who beat back the bravest and most desperate attempt made by the Indians to break the grip of the white men, and who founded a new country, battling for it at King's Mountain. The second phase is that of the Civil War: federal scouts in the woods, farmers' boys creeping home to eat and being shot for Confederate spies, a white-faced body in a gray uniform laid upon a farmhouse table. The last phase is that of the late war, in which another McCrory, apparently descendant of the first, takes part, to emerge with appropriate modern doubts and dubieties.

All this has its appropriate dress of an easy blank verse line that has a conventional roll and drawl like the Tennessee speech itself, and that frequently touches the depths of indignation and irony. The material is interspersed with sharp modern comment, lyrics which I think are to be mostly regretted, and subjective broodings from which, alas, no poet of this generation can be ever free. But the tale is worth telling and Mr. Davidson has won his right to be called a major poet. If he has in a sense left too many loose threads, and not entirely confined himself to the tragic but more honorably forgotten past, if he has made one or two mistakes of judgment in his incursions on topics of interest today, he is still eloquent in his justification:

> I have come a long way, I tell you. I am attended
> (The brain is attended here) by motley splendors,
> Dust of battles, creak of wagons, vows
> Rotting like antique lace; the smiles of women
> Broken like glass; the tales of old men blown
> From rheumy beards on the vague wind; silk gowns
> Crumbling in attics; ruffled shirts on bones
> Of gentlemen in forgotten graves; rifles,
> Hunting-shirts, Bibles, looms and desperate
> Flags uncrowned. But is this then to be
> Dreadfully attended or to have bad dreams? I am
> Wherever I go in silent pomp attended
> By rivers where I dwelt in good times gone,
> The bending Tennessee, the Cumberland
> Between high wooded banks, the Father of Waters
> Receiving all the westward streams. I go
> With speech of the hills, an ancient tongue, on lips
> That know no other language.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

Gibbon Versus Milt Gross

Commodore Vanderbilt. By Arthur D. Howden Smith. Robert M. McBride and Company. $5.

IT seems clear that Mr. Smith has not as yet chosen a definite Muse. There is no reason, of course, why an author should burn incense before one goddess of style alone; but there is some reason for him to avoid attempting to blend two utterly incongruous styles within the compass of one book. In this book Mr. Smith veers back and forth between the uproarious devil that is Milt Gross and the thundering deep sea that is Gibbon. Throughout those sections that deal with the wholly serious history of Vanderbilt's life Mr. Smith pulls a long face and even longer sentences; but when he is concerned with the lighter phases of his hero's career he performs verbal handsprings and somersaults galore. He is obviously most happy when, taking his readers into his confidence, he writes in the first person, reports dialogues between Vanderbilt and his wife that certainly were never printed, and even plagiarizes Vanderbilt's own vernacular. When Sophia Vanderbilt mildly chides her husband for his long absences from home, Mr. Smith, without troubling to use quotation marks, puts this reply into Vanderbilt's mouth: "Aw, I can't help it, Sophy. Christ, gal, I got work to do. What? Another kid? How d'ye do it? No, send for Ma. I ain't a midwife. Waall, all right. I'll be down next week, then." The consequence is that there are times when, as Mr. Smith would put it, a criticizin' cuss gits damn' tired of the bizness.

But those who aren't critical will doubtless take huge delight in this book; for here is an up-to-the-minute fictional biography teeming with all those contemporary stylistic tricks that tickle the souls of the blurb-writers and readers. No one, not even a critic, can deny that this "Epic of American Achievement" is vigorous enough to satisfy the reddest-blooded American alive. Old "Corneel" Vanderbilt—he is called just that, of course—slashes, slams, and snorts his hilarious way through more than three hundred pages, spitting threats, curses, fire and brimstone on almost every page. From his ninth year—

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"The leetle devil. . . . Will ye hark to him cuss—and the milk ain't dry on his lips!"—until his last gasp, he was enormously alive every moment. His wife, driven almost insane by excessive child-bearing, complimented him when he was nearly seventy for being as frisky as a "colt with a burdock in his tail." Yet despite his phenomenal energy the man differed but little from the other pioneer industrial magnates of the day—the Goulds, Fisks, Drews, and so on—save that he was possibly a shade more honest and powerful than they. When competitors tried to cheat him by underhanded means, he sent them this open defiance: "I will not sue you because the law takes too long. I will ruin you. Sincerely yours." Like most nobodies who have burst into notoriety, he was much worried about the family name. His jealousy of his social peers was forever bursting forth. "Damn 'em, I'm good enough to carry thar goods, 'n help swing thar deals. But not a one of 'em ever says: 'Stop in on your way uptown, Van Derbilt, and have a snort of licker.' Dudes, lily-livered dudes! I'm as good as they be. . . ." Indeed, his bluff, outspoken nature was his one admirable trait.

His end was rather pitiful. The various enticements of spiritualism, of Victoria Woodhull and Tennessee Claflin, and of a dreadful Protestant parson named Deems had worked havoc in the simple soul of this dyspeptic old giant who, save for "Pilgrim's Progress," had never read a book. "Jesus was his friend, Deems said. . . . Jesus was better 'n spooks. Sounded damn' reasonable. But he mustn't cuss." On his deathbed he spoke thus to his son: "Main thing is to keep up the name, Bill. . . . Keep the money together. Keep up the name, hey? . . . Sing . . . hymn." The watchers sang, "Come Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy," and two other pieces. "I'll never give up trust in Jesus," he vaguely muttered and died.

R. F. DIBBLE

The Novel Tomorrow

The American Novel Today: A Social and Psychological Study. By Régis Michaud. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

M. MICHAUD'S clear and sober analysis of the contemporary American novel is instructive largely because it reveals by indirection the artistic limitations implicit in the productions of our most admired literary figures. M. Michaud is an intelligent Frenchman, thoroughly but unexcitedly familiar with the American scene. His remarks possess a coolness, a judicious detachment, and it is this very alienation from American passions and prepossessions that lends such pertinence to what he has to say. "May I suggest," he asks, "that a European observer may be better located, ideally speaking, to render American literature full justice than even native critics? He has less illusions and less prejudices. He views the literary revolution in recent years in America as a result of the moral and social advance." The last sentence is particularly noteworthy because it is a forecast of his pessimistic conclusion, a conclusion implied in the very subtitle of his book, a conclusion which is merely a confirmation of the feeling shared by so many young American artists today: that the highly touted and heavily advertised movement which had its origin in "Sister Carrie" is as important from a social viewpoint as it is unsatisfactory from an artistic one.

This intuition is formidably buttressed by M. Michaud's central thesis. He undertakes to explain the American novel today by recourse to a single concept, Puritanism, which he considers to lie at the basis of our national life. By analyzing the psychoanalytic implications of Puritanism he demonstrates what to the European is our most striking single characteristic: the contrast between our general prosperity and our individual discontent. This he decides is due to a series of inhibitions and repressions sublimating themselves in such typical American complexes as Big Business and Mother Love. After summarizing in clear-cut fashion the case against the Puritans he proceeds to show that the modern American novel is merely a function of, in so far as it is a revolt against, Puritanism. It is the individual discontent labeled a novel. He traces in Hawthorne the beginnings of this absorption in a single problem; passes to Henry James in order to exemplify the first effective literary revolt against our moral and social anemia; discusses the Puritan-Victorian compromise represented by Howells, and is then ready to examine his four major figures—Dreiser, Lewis, Anderson, and Cabell. In Dreiser he hears the first crude revolutionary yawp; in him he salutes the first indignant discoverer of Darkest America; in him he points out the inevitable substitution—that of a behavioristic biochemical realism for the literary sentimentalism of the Howells epoch. In Lewis he acknowledges another and complimentary discoverer—the discoverer of dulness, standardization, the village pump. In Anderson exploration has taken the place of discovery. In reality it is a lyric self-exploration, ostensibly it is the exploration of half-souls, naifs, the groping, inarticulate American peasant. Cabell, the most sophisticated of the quartet and the only one of the four who never had to work for a living, has had the leisure requisite to the development of an ironic imperturbability. His reaction to the spectacle of American Puritanism is a complete escape mechanism. He turns his back on the discoveries of his confreres and makes a bee-line for Poictesme.

In this interpretation there is nothing very original or startling. The value of M. Michaud's book lies not so much in its lucid and witty demonstration as in the unspoken conclusions to be drawn from that demonstration. The author sets out to make "a social and psychological study." After he has made it we discover, curiously enough, that that was all there was to make, that he has said everything there was to say about Dreiser, Anderson, Lewis, Cabell, Hergesheimer. His account of their rebellions is pretty nearly a total summary of their work. His statement of their moral and social reactions exhausts the major part of the qualities we have admired in them. When his cool analysis is completed we perceive that our excitement has been based not on the recognition of moving artistic qualities but on the recognition of familiar scenery—frustrations that have been our frustrations, rebellions that have been our rebellions. Our literary excitement has been merely an inverted patriotism—the indignant discovery of the Bad Boy, America. Great art shows us strange faces in a distorted mirror; contemporary American fiction shows us our own distorted faces in a smooth and truthful one.

M. Michaud himself tries hard to refrain from making aesthetic and evaluative judgments, as they are presumably irrelevant to his subject matter. Yet when he approaches a really significant figure, a man competent in his own narrow field, such as Henry James, he cannot forbear to acknowledge the fact. On the other hand, before he is through with Dreiser he has given us his candid opinion: "Dreiser is not a novelist. He is a historian." In a timid footnote, referring to Anderson's "Tar," he speaks with a sort of hushed wonder of that writer's artistic primitiveness. "One marvels how a would-be artist could save his soul from disgrace out of such a muddy and zoological chaos." Finally, at the very end of the book this sober sociological commentator cannot contain himself. After all, he has read Balzac, Flaubert, Proust. He concludes: "I am firmly convinced of the great value of the modern American novel from a documentary, psychological, moral, and social standpoint." *But*—"from the viewpoint of art and ideas there have never been in American literature works so defiant of the accepted laws of decorum, perspective, and harmony."

Technically speaking, M. Michaud is not talking about the American novel at all. He is merely examining the laudable, the sadly necessary achievements of a group of writers who have revitalized the moral conscience of the youth of America. One really first-class saint might have done as well. Now that that is all over, we are ready to write novels.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

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I don't know whether Dora Tarkington is related to Booth, but she is a Hoosier girl I'd be proud to own as a relative. Of course, Dave's big sister Bek is one of those figures that come about once in a lifetime. Your life isn't complete without knowing Bek.—**Don Marquis**

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Genghis Khan. By Harold Lamb. McBride.
Revolt in the Desert. By T. E. Lawrence. Doran.
"Boss" Tweed. By Denis Lynch. Boni and Liveright.
Trader Horn. By Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon and Schuster.
Diary of Samuel Sewall. Macy-Masius.
The Rise of American Civilization. By Charles and Mary Beard. Macmillan.
Main Currents in American Thought. By Vernon L. Parrington. Harcourt, Brace.
Our Times. By Mark Sullivan. Scribner.
Hawkers and Walkers in Early America. By Richardson Wright. Lippincott.
The White Man's Dilemma. By Nathaniel Peffer. John Day.
The Youth Movement in China. By Tsi C. Wang. New Republic.
Ballyhoo. By Silas Bent. Boni and Liveright.
Your Money's Worth. By Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink. Macmillan.
The American Songbag. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt.
The Heart of Thoreau's Journals. By Odell Shepard. Houghton Mifflin.
Primitive Hearths in the Pyrenees. By Ruth Sawtell and Ida Treat. Appleton.
Negro Drawings. By Miguel Covarrubias. Knopf.
The Magic of Herbs. By Mrs. C. F. Leyel. Harcourt.
The Grandmothers. By Glenway Wescott. Harper.
Over the Boatside. By Mathilde Eiker. Doubleday, Page.
Tristram. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan.
The King's Henchman. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper.
Enough Rope. By Dorothy Parker. Boni and Liveright.
Men Without Women. By Ernest Hemingway. Scribner.

Books in Brief

Man Possessed. Being the Selected Poems of William Rose Benét. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

In this copious selection Mr. Benét appears to better advantage than one might have expected who remembered him only as the author of long-lined poems crowded with exotic imagery. Those are his least important pieces, however popular they may have become. He will be seen at his best in the third section here, dedicated to Elinor Wylie. He has warmth, wit, felicity, and form, as any reader of the volume will realize.

The Complete Dramatic and Poetic Works of William Shakespeare. With a general introduction, biography, and an introduction to each play by Frederick D. Losey. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company.

Manufactured with surpassing hideousness, this is yet a convenient and sensibly edited book.

God's Drum and Other Cycles from Indian Lore. Poems by Hartley Alexander. Illustrations by Anders John Haugseth. E. P. Dutton and Company. $7.50.

An ambitious performance, and in some respects a laudable one. Mr. Alexander knows Indian poetry, and Mr. Haugseth has clearly made Indian design his study. But Mr. Alexander begins better than he ends. He begins with pieces very close to the original stuff of Indian life and expression; he ends with "adaptations" and "interpretations" painful in their poetic conventionality. Mr. Haugseth's designs make the same sort of mistake; they grow ever more "interpretative," until we are removed quite definitely out of any world in which we might feel the Indian hand at work.

Music

Two Gentle Arts

A WISE old vocal teacher used to claim that the ideal instrument for a singer to practice with was the violin, as it held all the virtues of bel canto and trained the ear to all its niceties. If this be true then such a model is the playing of Jelly D'Aranyi, for it is like nothing so much as superb singing. Other fiddlers have come to us in recent years with as splendid a tone and technique; but none with such a complete musical equipment. In the short time she has been here she has already been heard as a solo virtuoso, as co-artist in a sonata recital, and in the exacting and self-effacing duties of ensemble; and from all three tests she has emerged as a supreme musician. Her mastery of style and tone color alone make her stand out from other fiddlers, while her tenderness, warmth, humor, and impeccable taste are rare even among so-called great artists. Because of these things, and because, too, of the freshness and high quality of her programs, she is to me the most all-round satisfying violinist before the public. Moreover, in these days of this one's and that one's pupil, it is interesting to note that this great-niece of Joseph Joachim has had no teacher since she was thirteen years old—a fact of which Kreisler also boasts, and which makes one wonder about our generally accepted theories about child prodigies.

Coming back again to singers, Farrar's recent return will perhaps stand out as the most noteworthy vocal event of the New York season. Certainly it is unique in vocal annals as a *tour de force* of courage, brains, and human will. When Farrar left the stage a few years ago, it was considered as more or less final. Her voice had been impaired by abuse and her artistic reputation by vulgarities. Apparently the most wayward if brilliant of singing talents had gone the way of all flesh and sensationalism. The announcement of her concert this autumn was therefore received by even her most loyal adherents with the utmost skepticism. One can well believe that it was the trying ordeal which she publicly admitted. But what makes one pay unconditional tribute is not this so much as that she made no attempt to come back as an old stage idol; she came as a better stage artist. Never has she been more beautiful and fascinating than now, with her white hair and serene demeanor. Never has she sung with such technical and interpretative skill or such beauty of phrasing as now, with a voice one-half the size of its former volume. If one feels a little sad at the loss of an entrancing madcap, one cannot but rejoice in this new-found artist. For by some curious paradox of fate, Geraldine Farrar, who won her fame with "Butterflies" and "Zazas," will probably hold it as the last exponent of a great and passing art.

That it has already passed, to all practical purposes, is the theme of a book, "The Gentle Art of Singing," by Sir Henry Wood (Oxford University Press). In this first volume of what Sir Henry calls his *opus magnum* he gives many wise truisms on the vocal standards of today, and other arguments not so irrefutable, perhaps, on means of correcting these standards. His general theme is that vocal technique has been steadily declining these last thirty years in proportion as the technical standard of instrumentalists has risen; and that this is due partly to the "voice producers" of today, and mostly to the public, which usually gets what it wants. While one may not always agree with Sir Henry's ideas on voice production—when, for instance, he stresses rhythmic accentuation in his elementary exercises for tone placement, and a "metallic ring" as a qualification of this tone—nevertheless one can heartily recommend the book to all singers for its sound musical common sense. No one can fail to get something of use from it, practical or otherwise.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

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Drama

A School for Wives

DESERTING the much-bepraised but commercially unsuccessful "whimsy" of two of his recent plays for the more orthodox manner of high comedy, Philip Barry has written an urbane and rippling little piece called "Paris Bound" (Music Box Theater). His story of a loving wife who forgives her erring spouse just at the moment when she is sure she can never do so skirts the edge of sentiment, but the morality it preaches is that compromise which is the essence of the comic spirit and the whole play has its being in a realm pleasantly illuminated by the shrewd wit of civilized people.

Marriage, says the raisonneur of the piece, is too serious a thing to be dissolved for trivial reasons. Doubtless neither husband nor wife should ever stray, but an adultery may be a very unimportant thing, and only an essentially light mind would consider it necessarily destructive of all the values which a hitherto successful marriage has built up. If a husband's extramural affair affects him so little that the wife does not even suspect its existence until someone tells her, then she can't have lost very much and it is she not he who is destroying the marriage if she clamors for a divorce. The lady in Mr. Barry's play first balks at this doctrine, but when she succumbs to an unexpected impulse to kiss an attractive young pianist with whom she happens to have spent an afternoon alone she learns how little such stray impulses may mean, and in a charmingly executed scene she forgives her husband because he, without knowing how much she knows about *him*, is so ready to forgive *her* for an infidelity of which he has reason to believe her guilty.

Now Mr. Barry's thesis is of course not new. The point of view from which it is developed is that which society has always held in those relatively rare periods when it has been neither so crude that it could not imagine any relationship between husband and wife except that of possessor and possessed nor so romantically befuddled as to make a complete identification between the spiritual union of which it talked and the physiological process which it pretended to despise. Obviously the brutality of the peasant and the lyricism of the sentimental lover come to exactly the same thing if both agree in regarding exclusive physical possession as the *sine qua non* of successful marriage, and the best comic writers have always insisted upon this fact. Mr. Barry's point of view is, indeed, the only one from which true comedy (as distinguished from sentimental comedy as well as from tragedy) can be written because it is the only one which makes possible that triumph of the critical faculties over emotional impulses which is the essence of comedy; but true comedy is always rare enough to seem new, and so it is with the present play. We have a dozen playwrights who can write acceptable drama or melodrama about the erring husband and we have a dozen playwrights who can write sentimental plays about the wronged wife who is big enough and tender enough to take back a thoroughly repentant sinner; but we have precious few who could sustain to the end the true comic spirit as Mr. Barry does when he makes the wife in his piece seal her lips, not because she is romantically forgiving (that, as the sentimental comedy says, "is woman's way") but because she realizes that there is nothing important to forgive.

Perhaps, however, I had better confess that nothing in "Paris Bound" amused me more than a comedy within the comedy which is only implied and which, quite possibly, the playwright did not intend. Husbands, as I said, have always been regarded as easily pardonable by all except excessively romantic people and our particular contribution is usually supposed to consist in our willingness to allow women the same latitude as men. This equality of footing is, indeed, quite

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clearly insisted upon in the present instance, yet it is quite worthy of note, first, that the wife does no more than merely stumble while the man falls prone, and, second, that most of the audience (particularly that part composed of applauding husbands) is undoubtedly more comfortable in having it so. Theoretically adultery is no worse for a woman than it is for a man, but most people still prefer to have the proposition remain merely a proposition and to have the woman rest content with either an "almost" or a bold assertion of what she could do if she wished. Undoubtedly sauce for the goose is equally well suited to the gander, but most audiences still shrink a little from seeing the recipe tried. Women are free and the "single standard" has been established, but Mr. Barry is a shrewd enough judge of popular feeling to make a wife's stolen kiss beside the piano roughly equivalent in the play to a husband's two weeks' *à deux* in the mountains. "Paris Bound" is acted with Madge Kennedy's usual charm and Gilbert Emory's usual suavity.

"The Royal Family" (Selwyn Theater) by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber is a rapid and amusing farce comedy dealing with the foibles of a famous actor family as they are exhibited in three generations. It is written with a good deal of verve and admirably played, especially by Haidee Wright as the representative of the oldest generation and by Otto Kruger as the spoiled idol of matinees and movies. "Bless You, Sister" (Forest Theater) is another of those rather unsatisfactory vehicles for that most excellent actress, Alice Brady.

"Lovely Lady" (Harris Theater) is quite the best of the new musical comedies largely on account of the presence of a delightfully impudent new comedienne named Edna Leedom; and the transcendent silliness of "She's My Baby" (Globe Theater) is redeemed by the always amusing antics of Beatrice Lillie. The much-heralded "Show Boat" (Ziegfeld Theater) is as lavish and expensive as it was alleged to be, but the values of Miss Ferber's novel can hardly be translated into mere spectacle and one's opinion of the whole will depend upon how continuously one can be entertained by relentlessly luxurious stage pictures.

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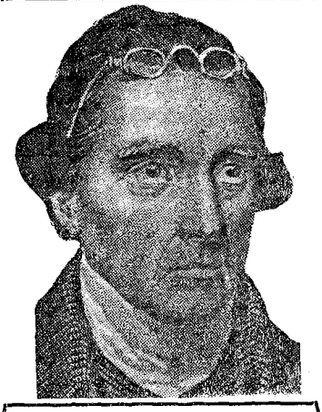

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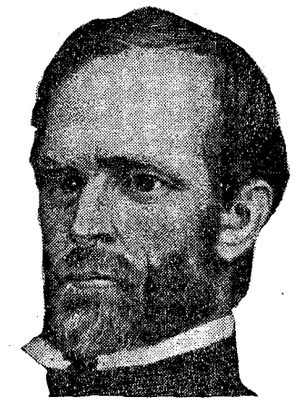

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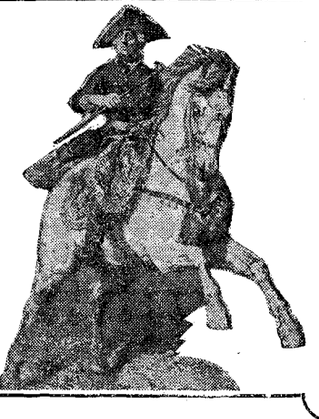

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Pan-American Union?

By ARNOLD ROLLER

THE most spectacular conference of the American hemisphere will open on January 16 in Havana, Cuba. President Coolidge, President Machado of Cuba, and Dr. Vazquez, President of the Dominican Republic, will meet at the sixth International Conference of American States and make the opening speeches. It is probable that President Calles of Mexico will also attend. President Coolidge's presence is undoubtedly intended to convince the Latin-American countries of the good-will and peaceful intentions of the United States. To complete the demonstration of friendship Lindbergh will fly over Havana at the opening of the congress.

The delegation of the United States will include Charles Evans Hughes, former Secretary of State (chairman); Henry P. Fletcher, Ambassador to Italy; Oscar Underwood, former Democratic Senator; Dwight W. Morrow, Ambassador to Mexico; Dr. Leo Rowe, Director General of the Pan-American Union; Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University; Morgan J. O'Brien, and James Brown Scott; the new ambassador to Cuba, Noble C. Judah; and possibly Secretary Kellogg.

Among the principal questions to be discussed at the congress as established by the governing board of the Pan-American Union are:

1. Organization of the Pan-American Union as a kind of American League of Nations under the hegemony of the United States.
2. Matters of a judicial nature, such as commercial law and other branches of legislation in which continental uniformity is possible or desirable; maritime law; the juridical status of companies organized in foreign states; legislation designed to prevent the loss of nationality by a woman because of marriage; commercial arbitration; regulation of the international service of checks and postal money orders; regulation of the use of water-power of rivers bordering on two states; frontier police, etc.
3. Problems of communication, such as the international regulation of railway traffic; regulation of international automotive traffic; means of facilitating river communication between the nations of America.
4. Intellectual cooperation, such as the revision of the convention on intellectual property, the establishment of scholarships, the exchange of professors and students, and the establishment of special chairs in the universities.
5. Economic problems, such as uniformity of consular fees, conferences of chambers of commerce, immigration problems, protection of trade-marks, etc.
6. Social problems, such as a Pan-American maritime sanitary code, public-health administration, eugenics, etc.
7. Reports on treaties, conventions, and resolutions.
8. Future conferences.

The program was submitted and signed by Secretary Kellogg, chairman of the Pan-American Union.

The Latin Americans, however, are much less interested in the exchange of professors, in eugenics and consular fees than in resolutions to prevent intervention by one state (i.e., the United States) in the affairs of the other republics. Five Latin-American countries—Argentina, Dominican Republic, Haiti, Mexico, and Paraguay—have drawn up resolutions to this effect.

The main points of the resolutions as reported by the *United States Daily*, November 17, are:

From Haiti: Any action carried out by a state, whether by means of diplomatic pressure or by armed force, in order to force its will upon another state, constitutes intervention.

From the Argentine Republic: A state may not intervene in the internal affairs or in the external affairs of another state.

From the Dominican Republic and from Mexico: No state may, in the future, directly or indirectly, or by reason of any motive, occupy even temporarily any portion of the territory of another state. The consent given to the occupying state by the state occupied will not legitimize the occupation and the occupant will be responsible for all occurrences resulting from the occupation not only with respect to the state occupied but to third parties as well.

From Paraguay: Intervention or any act of a state within the territory of another state without previous declaration of war, with the intent to decide by force, material pressure, or moral coercion, internal or external questions of the other state, will be considered as a violation of International law.

At the beginning of November a report that at the invitation of Cuba the League of Nations would send an observer to Havana caused alarm in Washington. Washington hastily announced that Cuba had no right to invite an observer of the League of Nations, since such a step could be taken only by the Pan-American Union and there was no time for such action. Immediately after this an assertion came from the Cuban Foreign Office that "it had not and would not invite the League to the conference." The new version was, therefore, that although the League of Nations would not send an official observer the League Secretariat would probably participate in the work of preliminary organization, and Christobal Rodriguez, a Panaman and a member of the League of Nations secretariat, might go to the conference.

Most of the Latin-American countries wish for the presence of a representative of the League of Nations. It is the United States which objects.

The first Pan-American conference was held at Washington in 1889 and the Pan-American Union of today had its origin in the organization created at that time. The United States tried to make the Latin Americans accept an American customs union which would exclude European goods and establish the United States industries in a permanent monopoly in this hemisphere. They did not succeed, but established instead the "Commercial Bureau of the American Republics," with its seat in Washington, which compiled and published a standardized dictionary in Spanish, English, and Portuguese of industrial products to facilitate ordering goods from the United States.

The second conference took place in Mexico City in 1901-1902. At this conference the administration of the Bureau, which hitherto was directed solely by the Secretary of State of the United States, was transferred to a governing board composed of the diplomatic representatives of the American countries accredited to the Washington gov-

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ernment. The chairmanship of the governing board remained with the Secretary of State. Representatives of seventeen countries, including the United States, signed a treaty for the arbitration of pecuniary claims. Other resolutions referred to protection of patents, trade-marks, etc.

The third conference met at Rio de Janerio in 1906. It conferred greater powers on the governing board, and it enlarged the scope of the organization by giving it new functions such as compiling and classifying conventions and treaties among the American republics. The American Secretary of State, Elihu Root, though not a delegate, delivered a speech to the convention in which he warned the assembled delegates that "no political questions are to be discussed, no controversies to be settled, no judgment is to be passed upon the conduct of any state, but many subjects are to be considered," such as "removing barriers of intercourse, perfecting our knowledge of each other," etc.

The fourth conference took place in Buenos Aires in 1910 and it was there that it was decided to adopt the present name Pan-American Union. This conference provided that the union should compile and publish information on the legislation of the American republics. An important change in its constitution was accepted by the provision that representation might be had on the governing board by a member of the union having no diplomatic representative recognized in Washington.

The fifth congress took place in Santiago, Chile, in 1923. In the meantime the aggressiveness of American policy in the Caribbean and Central America had become quite apparent to the Latin-American countries. Eleven Latin-American republics formed a kind of opposition to the United States and attacked its activity in the Caribbean and in Central America. An unofficial Dominican delegation entered the meeting and accused the army of the United States of murder, arson, and pillage during its invasion of the Dominican Republic. A proposal for the limitation of armaments led to bitter discussions. Resolutions on trade-marks, rights of aliens, publicity of custom documents, etc., were passed, but the conference did not result in the development of a friendly feeling in the Latin-American countries.

Widespread discussion in all these countries has preceded this sixth conference. It is reported that Chile and Brazil urged its postponement on the ground that the time was inopportune. Over boundaries Chile is quarreling with Peru, Bolivia with Paraguay, and Ecuador with Peru and Colombia; and all Latin America feels bitterly toward the United States on account of its Nicaragua intervention and the continuous threats to Mexico.

The *Universal* of Mexico City, on November 4, referred in an article on the Pan-American Conference to the report made by Poindexter, the American Ambassador to Peru, that the Latin-American countries were hostile toward the United States. This he attributed, the *Universal* said, to the "phantastic propaganda of England and of the indispensable Soviet Russia." The paper added: "If this observer had made a tour in Central America and Mexico, he would have had the identical impression [of hostile feeling]. . . . It is, however, a crass error to attribute these sentiments to propaganda of nations who are rivals of the United States. The only propaganda which has obtained a result which is deplored by all men of good-will, in North America as in the rest of this continent, is the policy of the United States."

The Nicaraguan delegation will be headed by Gavry Rivas, inspector general of Nicaraguan consulates in Latin America, an appointee of Adolfo Diaz, who has traveled all over South America in order to make propaganda for the United States and to explain that American intervention was in the interest and at the demand of the Nicaraguan people.

The Chilean delegate, Carlos Silva Villosola, director of the *Mercurio* of Santiago, in an interview given to the Associated Press, on November 12, said that he had always been skeptical about the practical results of the Pan-American conferences and that he believed that the American nations were still as far from having created a Pan-American feeling as at the beginning.

Referring to the proposal of Mexico and the Dominican Republic that no state should "directly or indirectly, for any reason or motive, occupy even temporarily any part of the territory of another state; and that the consent given to the occupying state by the occupied state does not make the occupation legitimate"—the *Universal* of Mexico City writes on November 29: "Undoubtedly such a declaration would compromise in the first place and almost exclusively the United States, because any manifestation of imperialism can be conceived in the American hemisphere only as the work of the powerful republic of the North." The paper then adds that, interesting as questions of public sanitation and hygiene, postal tariffs, etc., may be, the only real questions in which the Latin peoples will be interested are "independence, self-determination, autonomy, continental equilibrium, sovereignty of weak peoples, and territorial integrity."

In Cuba the problem of hostile press comments was settled very simply by an order issued in the name of the dictator, Machado, to the press, on December 15, that no notes, news, or information should be printed during the conference which might injure national susceptibilities. The order pointed out particularly that everything must be avoided which might embarrass or hurt the national pride of any country. Havana dispatches add that the Secretary of State, when giving this order, expressly pointed out as examples the problems of the United States in Nicaragua and Mexico, and the occupation by the United States of Haiti and Santo Domingo.

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